Vol. LXXXVIII—No. 1151] DECEMBER 23, 1925 [as a Newspaper.

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ESTABLISHED 1857.

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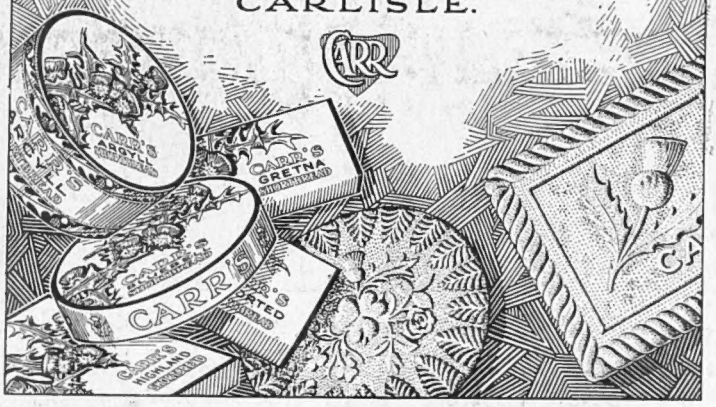

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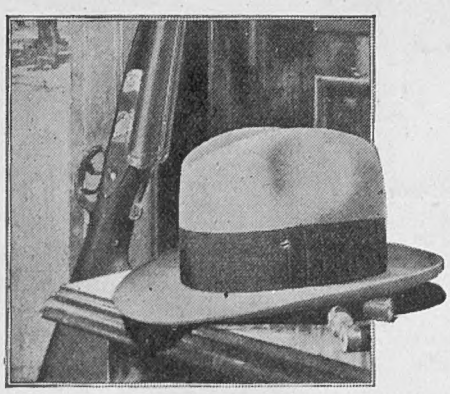

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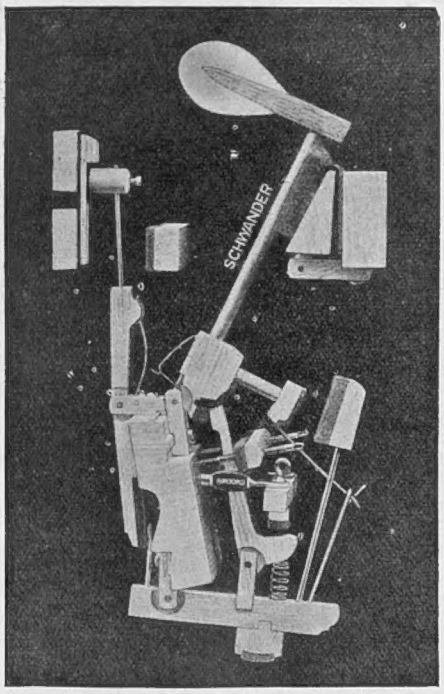

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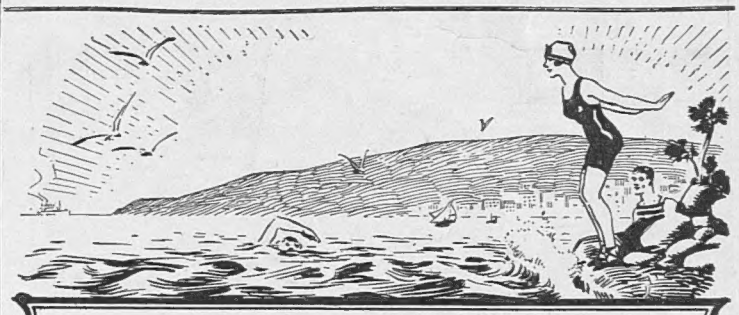

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The Bystander, December 23, 1925 No. 1151. Vol. LXXXVIII

The BYSTANDER

BY HELEN McKIE

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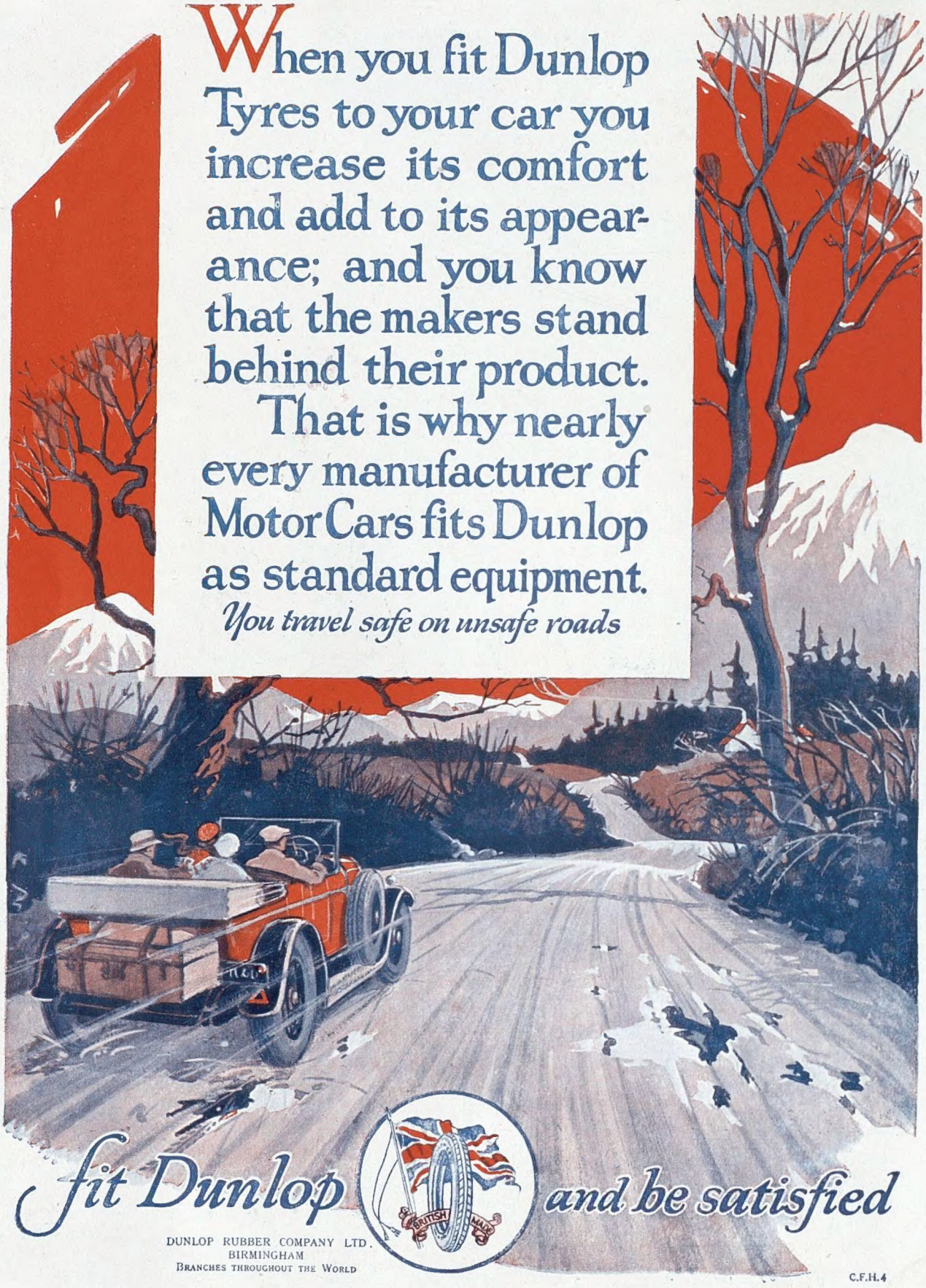

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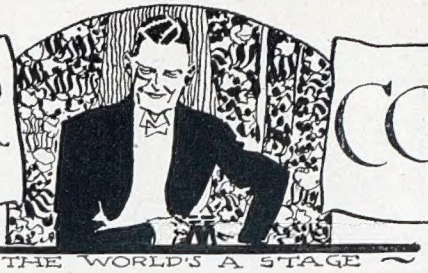
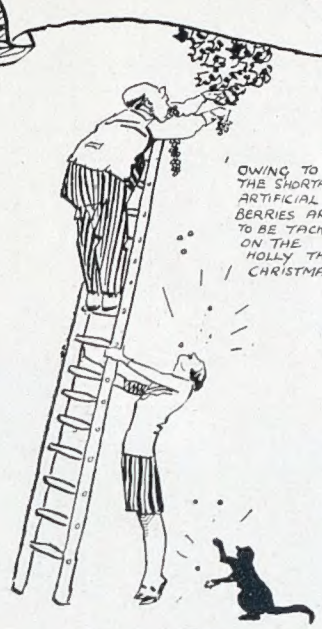


ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE



A Synthetic Christmas

OWING to the shortage, artificial berries are to be tacked on the holly this Christmas. But why stop there? Why not go the whole hog, and have an imitation plum pudding into the bargain? You could hire a beauty from Willy Clarkson, and a couple of dud threepenny-bits would complete the outfit.

Some Suggestions

IN some respects, this idea of a synthetic Christmas has its advantages. We could invite just the people we wanted to see, and fill up the odd chairs with some of the wax-works that escaped when Mme. Tussaud's was burned down. We could give the youngsters trumpets that don't blow and sticky things that wouldn't make them sick. A box of wooden cigars might be a great improvement on certain popular brands, and my wife has already bought me a tie that—but no matter!

Those Christmas Letters

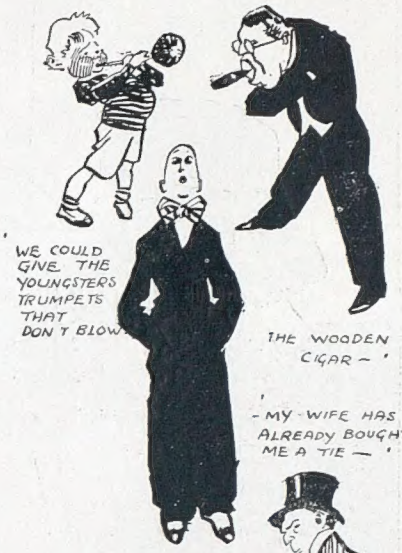
AND think of the letters we should receive on Christmas morning if we were able to control our destinies to this extent. Not real Christmas letters with a ha'penny stamp and a bill inside, but beautiful pink envelopes with large red seals and, perhaps, a coronet or two thrown in for luck. Just for a change, there might be a long envelope containing an accumulation of dividends for the last three years. The postman would refuse a tip, but we should press an imitation fiver into his unwilling palm, just because we couldn't be happy unless he was happy too.

Pages That Smile

HAS it struck you how interesting the advertisement pages of this BYSTANDER become as Christmas approaches. They seem to enter fully into the spirit of the game, and positively laugh at you. Nothing synthetic here! Carnival chocolates, novelty powder puffs, perfumes "haunting as jasmin in the moonlight," violet-scented night cream, *parfum* from the Elysian Fields, pearls that harmonise with every type of beauty, shoes of coloured brocade and silver bars. I'm not inventing. You'll find them all there.

Sorry, But I Must!

SO much junk is being written about fox-hunting just now that I scarcely like to add the contents of my fountain pen to the rivers of ink that have flowed. But it is difficult to read all the rubbish without making my small squeak of protest.



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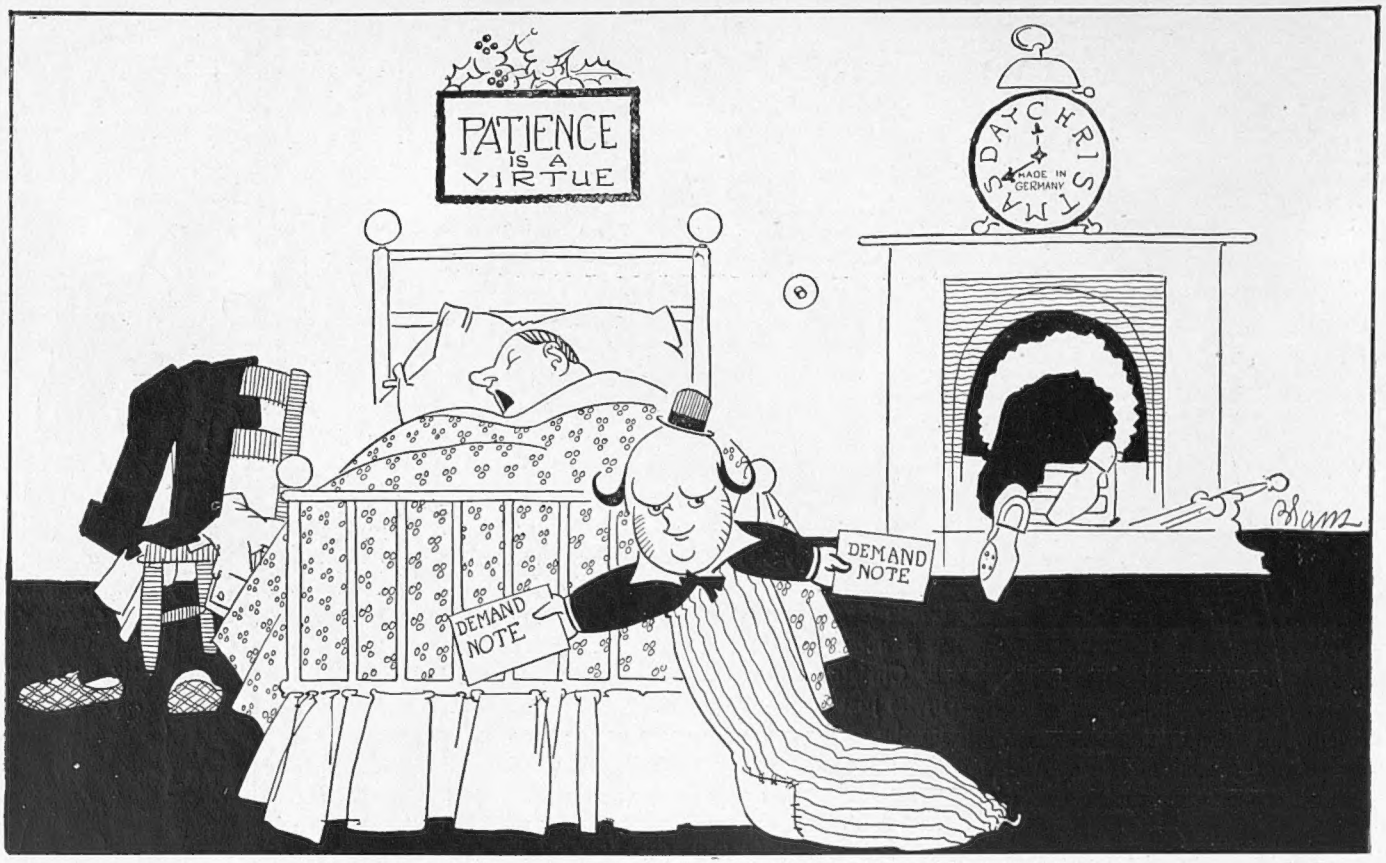

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1925—THE TAXPAYER'S SHOCKING STOCKING! By Blam

The Cruel Fox

HUNTING is cruel! Of course it is, if you are prepared to agree that the taking of life in any form and by any means is a thing to be deprecated. But one must surely be a vegetarian to subscribe to *that* theory. And what of the cruelty of Mr. Reynard? We get harrowing stories of a fox that happens to be killed in a cellar, but we hear nothing of the sort of shambles that a poultry-yard becomes when that same fox gets among the inmates on a frosty night. Apparently, you can hang a man for murder, but you mustn't kill a fox for slaughter on the grand scale.

Happy Alternatives

CRITICS of fox-hunting will remind me that there are more ways than one of dealing out justice in the animal kingdom. Certainly there are! You can trap a fox—and that's a pretty sight. Or you can shoot him. Of course you can! My evening paper—a strong critic of hunting—has a pretty story to tell of a shot fox—shot because of the ban on hunting imposed under the cattle disease restrictions. "The snow, where the poor brute had tumbled and squirmed, was besmeared with blood, and in his wake ran a dotted scarlet line." A nice alternative to the gentlemanly climax of the chase—the sort of death that an animal expects and that he has so often meted out to others!

Short and Long

HAS any fashion had such horrible results as the present craze for Russian boots? As I take my walks abroad, I am amazed by the ugliness of the short skirt and long boot combination, with a couple of inches of pink stocking showing between. Once in a while you see a pair of Russian boots so attractive that you get a crick in the neck through turning to look at them. But this doesn't happen very often. The secret being, of course, that you have got to dress to them, or leave them alone.

Conti Kids

AT this season of the year the stage is swamped with what are known in the profession as "Conti Kids"—bright little souls who play parts when other children of their age are playing with popguns. Noel Coward was a Conti Kid—he sat on the teacher's knee and cried because he was homesick—and several other young gentlemen who have since done quite well. But one can tell at a glance that they never played with popguns. I don't think Davy Burnaby was a Conti Kid, and I'm quite sure Seymour Hicks wasn't.

A Family Party

WHAT a jolly little family party the annual production of *Peter Pan* is becoming! All the little daughters of anybodies who are anybodies come dancing into the cast with each succeeding Christmas, with Sir James Barrie to godfather the happy party. The suggestion that they receive contracts as Christening presents is probably an exaggeration, but *Peter Pan,* as seen in the West End, is rapidly becoming one of the best amateur shows in the country.

The Côte d'Argent

DEAR me! Dear me! I have got into *such* trouble, because I referred to the Biarritz coast-line as the Côte d'Argent. The *Syndicat d'Initiatif* (I hope it doesn't bite) has written me in stern, strong terms, pointing out that the bit of coast on which stand Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz isn't the Côte d'Argent at all, but that the Côte d'Argent begins higher up. They seem very cross about it.

The Silver Edge

MYSELF, I shall continue to think of the silver edge of this beautiful Basque country as the Côte d'Argent. After all, a man can't choose his own nickname—that, like having his hair cut, is one of the things that someone else must always do for him. I knew a boy who referred to himself affectionately as "Tommy Lad," but *we* always called him "Pig's Eyes," and by that name he is still known. And, in self-defence, lest the *Syndicat d'Initiatif* should renew the attack, may I quote from that very authoritative volume "Along the Pyrenees," by Paul Wilstach:—"The hard-pounding silver surf of the Gascon Gulf reminds one, all along the coast-wise road to Biarritz, how well France has named this the Côte d'Argent." And again:—"Where the Pyrenees descend into the waters of the Atlantic and the breakers wreathe the beaches in long plumes of silver, the coast is called the Côte d'Argent." So that's that!

An Assortment of Christmas Greetings

BY H. H. HARRIS

THE "COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON" AS THEY MIGHT BE EXPRESSED

The Princes in the Field

Topical

An unconventional snapshot of the Duke of York and Prince Henry at a recent meet of the Tring Farmers' Draghounds at Eaton Bray near Leighton Buzzard. The Prince of Wales was also out with the hounds

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Charities and the Royal Mourning

By the King's particular wish members of the Royal Family have not given up engagements connected with charities because of the mourning for Queen Alexandra. In deference to this wish, Princess Beatrice went to the gathering at Lady Weigall's house in Berkeley Square in connection with the Children's Peter Pan Party to be held at Claridge's on January 4, in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has likewise kept several engagements connected with charity.

Last Monday Princess Mary was present at the party given by the Not Forgotten Association in the Riding School at Buckingham Palace, by permission of the King and Queen, to the men who, seven years after the end of the war, are still in hospital. Miss Marta Cunningham, the founder of the Not Forgotten Association, had a *Thé Dansant* at Claridge's a few days before in its aid. I hope it brought a goodly sum.

I. B.

NOT FORGOTTEN

Princess Mary at the annual Christmas Party of the "Not Forgotten" Association for wounded ex-Service Men in the Riding School at Buckingham Palace. She is receiving a cheque for the funds of the Association from Miss Marta Cunningham, the founder (right)

Sport and General

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair (left), Governor of New South Wales, with Lord Stonehaven, Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, on a recent visit the Governor-General to Sydney

Mourning—Then and Now

The mourning for Queen Alexandra is indicated by only a narrow black border on the Royal notepaper. What a difference between this notepaper and that used by Queen Victoria! Only the other day I was shown two letters, one written by Queen Victoria during the mourning for her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and the other a year after the death of the Prince Consort. On the first the black border was half an inch wide; on the second it was five-eighths of an inch. As the notepaper, headed Windsor Castle, of the second letter was just under seven inches long by four and a half inches wide, you can imagine the effect of this prodigious black border, especially when the folded sheet was opened. All the space left to write in was just over three inches across, and a little under five and a half inches from top to bottom.

Seeing the number of letters Queen Victoria wrote between these dazzling and shiny black borders, one wonders how her eyes stood the strain. The borders are so brightly black and broad that I found it difficult to keep my eyes on the flowing handwriting between them.

A SYDNEY VISIT *Sport and General*

Lady de Chair (left), Lady Stonehaven and Miss Elaine de Chair, photographed outside Government House on the occasion of the Governor-General's visit

The Late Duke of Montrose

The late Duke of Montrose was fifth Duke, but seventh in descent from the great Marquis of Montrose who was hanged in the Grassmarket at Edinburgh by the Scottish Covenanters. The first Duke resigned his patent as Marquis of Montrose, and in return received the patents of a dukedom, two marquisates, an earldom, a viscounty, and of three baronies, as a reward for his support of the union between England and Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne. This was exactly two hundred and eighteen years ago, and, including the first Duke, there have been only five Dukes of Montrose. Two of them held the dukedom for over fifty years, and two others for thirty-eight and forty-six years respectively. The first Duke held the title for thirty-seven years after its creation.

The late Duke belonged to the order of old-fashioned landlord, taking the keenest personal interest in his tenants and in his property. In return he was much beloved, and last year when he celebrated the jubilee of his succession to the dukedom his tenants gave him some very fine iron entrance gates for his

Photographs

Miss B. Harbord (left), Mr. C. A. Bromet, Miss Follett, Mrs. E. R. Nickolls, Major Nickolls, Mrs. E. Harbord and Mr. R. Pelham Borley

THE PORTMAN HUNT AT PLAY

Two photographs taken at the Portman Hunt Ball. This took place recently at Milton Abbey, the country seat of Sir Eric Hambro

Brit. Illus.

Squadron-Leader H. K. Thorold (left), Miss Bowden Smith, Mrs. Fawcett and Capt. Fawcett

park at Buchanan Castle, near Glasgow. Two years after becoming Duke he married one of the handsome daughters of the late Sir Frederick Graham, of Netherby—four sisters as famous for their looks as the Duncombe sisters in the next generation. The Duchess-dowager of Montrose is therefore aunt to Miss Daphne Graham, now Mrs. Kenneth Barnes, who was recently married to the brother of Miss Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

"Mr. Manton"

THE late Duke's mother was one of the first women to take up racing seriously, running her horses under the name of "Mr. Manton." Except for a skirt she dressed like a man, and in her high stiff collar, tie, and bowler hat she was a familiar figure on most race-courses. After her first husband's death she married twice, her third marriage taking place when she was seventy. Her third husband was forty-eight years her junior.

A FAMILY AFFAIR *Special Press*

The Hon. George Lambton, the famous race-horse trainer, who will retire after next year's flat racing, photographed with his wife and Master Teddy and Miss Sybil Lambton. Mr. Frank Butter is to succeed him as trainer to Lord Derby

A LADY MASTER *Topical*

Miss Kathleen Styles, who is Master of the West Kent Hounds. The photograph was taken at a recent meet at Penshurst Station

The New Duke and Duchess

THE Marquis of Graham, who now becomes Duke of Montrose, is the only Duke to hold a master's certificate in the merchant service. All his life he has been very keen on seamanship, and once navigated Lord Brassey's famous yacht, the *Sunbeam*, from Australia to England. He is Commodore of the Clyde division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, in which his son, the Earl of Kincardine, who is at Eton, became a probationary midshipman last summer.

The new Duchess was the only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, from whom she inherited the island of Arran, a large property in Suffolk, and sufficient money to make her one of the most considerable heiresses in the country. Her father succeded his kinsman, the eleventh Duke, who married a Princess of Baden, a cousin of Napoleon III. The eleventh Duke died in Paris from the effects of a fall down a staircase at a restaurant. The Empress

Photographs

Back Row: Mr. L. G. C. Goodbody (left), Mr. R. B. Carry and Mr. R. Sissons. Front row: Miss B. Fulford (left), Miss Nora Henderson and Miss Bip Pares

A 'VARSITY BALL

These photographs were taken at the Black Prince Ball. This was held by Trinity College, Cambridge, and took place recently at the Ritz Hotel

Keystone

Back row: Mr. S. Boardman (left), Mr. J. P. Van der Bergh and Mr. H. Bearding. Front row: Miss M. Wells (left), Miss E. J. Paritt and Miss V. Brierley

Eugénie went to see him every day in the brief illness which followed the fall, and was with him during his last hours. This Duke's sister was the first wife of the late Prince of Monaco, but the marriage was annulled, and she afterwards married a great Hungarian magnate, Count Festetics.

On her mother's side the new Duchess of Montrose is a granddaughter of Louise, double Duchess of Manchester and Devonshire, that dominating figure in Edwardian society. She and her husband, hitherto, have spent most of their time at Brodick Castle, on the Island of Arran, where her mother, Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, also has a house

National Opera Trust

FOR a considerable time past a feeling has been growing amongst music-lovers that something should be done to place grand opera in this country on a different, and a more secure footing. As matters stand now opera in London is only possible through private risk and heavy subscription for seats. The return is so small that new operas can only rarely be given because of the expense. The first inclination was towards a State subsidy, thus bringing England into line with Continental countries, but for reasons that are obvious in this time of high taxation, that idea was abandoned. The feeling has gradually grown into something definite and concrete—the formation of the National Opera Trust, with Lord Londonderry, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Clarendon, the Hon. Stephen Henn Collins, Sir S. Ernest Palmer, Sir Henry Simpson, Sir Hugh Allen, Sir Landon Ronald, Mr. Charles Brudenell-Bruce, Mr. John McEwen, Mr. F. B. Merriman, M.P., and Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., as the trustees.

The aim of the Trust is to raise a permanent capital fund, the income from which will enable the trustees to "aid or subsidise, when required, any undertakings that are, or may be, ready and able satisfactorily to produce opera in English or otherwise, throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions; to extend and

Photo Illus.

WELL MET AT THE MEET

A photograph taken at a recent meet of the Eridge Hounds, showing Miss M. Mitchelson, daughter of Lady Mitchelson, of Holme Park, Rotherfield, with Mr. Jack Salisbury whose engagement has just been announced

Alfieri

AT A BERKSHIRE MEET

A photograph taken of Miss Wilmot (left), Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Allfrey, at a meet of the Garth hounds. This took place recently at Easthampstead Park

"LE SPORT" IN FRANCE

Three followers of the Pau Hunt photographed at a recent meet. This pack is providing plenty of sport for the lovers of hunting in France

increase public knowledge of, and interest in, opera; and to do all such acts and things as may, in their judgment, be conducive to the objects for which the Trust has been founded."

The Trust will not undertake the presentation of opera itself, but as "a permanent national institution with an assured income from capital invested in trustee securities" will further the interests of opera in every way, "always working through such undertakings as are doing the best possible work for opera, but which might, without assistance, be compelled to lower their standard, or abandon their activities."

Plans of the Trustees

Nor do the Trustees' plans include any building scheme, such as a National Opera House. The plan is to help all operatic undertakings—that is, of course, what is generically termed grand opera—and it has been decided that the British National Opera Company "should be a primary instrument for carrying out their aims."

On the other hand, the Trustees will not allow money provided by them for the production of opera to be used by any manager or company for the purpose of making profit or declaring dividends. If there is profit, any grant made by the Trustees must be repaid before the manager or operatic company declares a dividend.

Special emphasis is laid by the Trustees on their aims to "arrange, procure, and rehearse both new operas and established masterpieces that are now left untouched for lack of means; and "to give opera on a complete scale in towns where the population, or other local conditions now make it unprofitable, without financial loss."

The Trustees are asking the public for £500,000 for the Fund. The General Council, which is headed by the Archbishop of Wales and has eleven Lords Mayor and four Mayors amongst its long list of members, is representative of every school of thought.

If the project can be carried out it would seem to assure the organisers of operatic seasons, such as we have at Covent Garden and those given by the British National Opera Company, a security against heavy loss, and likewise enable them to produce new operas by new composers, a thing they dare rarely venture upon under existing conditions.

Sport and General

MR. AND MRS. FRERE SAVAGE

Topical

MR. BENNETT, MISS MOLLY RAMSDEN AND MR. RAY PULFORD

PLUMPTON PERSONALITIES

Some of the enthusiasts who braved the December weather to attend the recent 'chases at Plumpton

The House of Airlie

The Earl of Airlie is the latest victim of the shooting season, one of his feet being "peppered," and rather badly if the first reports are true, through a gun going off whilst it was being handed to one of his guests at Cortachy. His mother, the Dowager Countess of Airlie, is one of Queen Mary's intimate friends and a Lady of the Bedchamber to her Majesty.

Like a good many other landowners, Lord Airlie has turned his property into a limited liability company—the Airlie Estates Company. Early this year he started a dairy at Cortachy Castle for supplying the neighbouring town of Kirriemuir—Barrie's "Thrums"—with milk. This dairy is a model of its kind. The cows are all pedigree and are milked by machinery. In fact, the arrangements are so complete that there is no possibility of the milk being touched by hand before it is delivered to the consumer.

Topical

MR. BROWN-LEMON AND MRS. BULLOCK

The death of Lord Airlie's father was one of the tragedies of the Boer War. The present peer was then a boy of seven. He is the seventh Earl, and but for two attainders in the family would be eleventh Earl. Two of his ancestors, an uncle and a nephew, went out with the Old Pretender in 1715, and with the Young Pretender in

WITH THE DOGS IN SUFFOLK.

The camera's bag from the International Gun-dog League's Retriever Championships. They were held recently at Elveden

MR. P. CLUTTERBUCK (left), one of the judges, AND THE HON. MRS. GRIGG

MRS. QUINTIN DICK AND SIR RICHARD WILLIAMS-BULKELEY

1745, and were both attainted by Act of Parliament, one in the reign of George I, and the other in the reign of George II. The nephew, who escaped to France after the Battle of Culloden, ultimately received a pardon, but the family honours were not restored until the reign of George IV.

Another ancestor, in the reign of Charles I, was sentenced to death by the Scottish Parliament but escaped from prison disguised in his sister's clothes the night before the day fixed for his execution.

Newstead Abbey

THE death of Mrs. Fraser of Newstead Abbey recalls Byron's discovery of the dilapidation into which his ancestral home had fallen when he succeeded to the peerage, and how his mother died of "a fit of rage caused by reading the upholsterer's bills." Some sixty years ago the place was bought by Mrs. Fraser's father, the late Mr. W. F. Webb, a famous big-game hunter and explorer of his day, and a friend of Livingstone.

At Mr. Webb's death Newstead went to another daughter, who married General Sir Herbert Chermside, who was said before the War to know the Dardanelles and the country around the Straits better than any other foreigner. They had a child, but it died, and consequently Newstead passed to Mrs. Fraser. It is only about eighteen months ago that she made over the property to her son on his coming of age.

Only "Stars" Need Apply

THE stories one hears of film "stars," their salaries and their expenditure, are so fantastic that nothing now seems incredible, not even the private lift to her flat which will cost, so it is said, Miss Gloria Swanson £700 a year. But the latest news from Hollywood suggests a combination of film "star" wealth before which the ordinary mortal can only blink.

According to the report, a club has been founded there for the leading lights of the film world alone, with a membership limited to four hundred. The entrance fee is only a trifling £500, and a club-house—

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD AND SIR GEORGE HOLFORD

TRIALS—BUT NO TRIBULATIONS *Photopress*

A group of competitors at the Twenty-third Field Trial Meeting of the Spaniel Club held recently at Garth House, Breconshire. The photograph shows Mr A. L. Walton (left), Mr. J. J. Greatorex, Mr. A. McKeand, Mr. J. Kent, and Mr. J. H. Gibson

AN ULSTER TRIAL *Bell*

Captain N. L. Stronge, chatting to Miss Joy Stronge at the Fourth Retriever Trials of the Ulster Gun-dog League. They were held at Tynan Abbey, Co. Tyrone, the seat of Miss Stronge's father, Sir J. H. Stronge

WEDDINGS OF THE MONTH

J. C. H. Balmain

A WEDDING IN SCOTLAND

Lieut.-Commander W. S. Moor, R.N., with his bride, Miss Vida Shiell, after their wedding at St. Baldred's Church, North Berwick

G. P. U.

LEAVING ST. COLUMBA'S

The Hon. Patrick Kinnaird leaving St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, with his bride, Miss Violet Sandford. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Capt. F. M. H. Sandford, Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. Sandford

Central News

A SERVICE WEDDING

Lieut. Fraser MacLeish, R.N. (retired), with his bride, Miss Phyllis Simpson, after their marriage. The ceremony took place at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

the very last word in expensive decoration and furnishing—has only cost some £200,000.

Think of four hundred film "stars" all gathered together? Their united incomes baffle imagination. They must run into many millions. And if £500 is the entrance fee, what must the annual subscription be?

Apparently, the object of this super-club is to set a social standard in the higher flight of the film-world. And apparently, too, membership of the club will indicate that the elected "stars" conform to that standard. It would seem that the heroes and heroines of the film are not satisfied with the official receptions they generally receive from mayors in their robes and chains of office when they land in England. Or is it that because of such receptions they yearn for a wider social recognition than their own country gives them, and so are setting about the creation of an exclusive little aristocracy all to themselves?

The Old and the New Order

Prince Edward Joseph Lobkowicz is one of the few young men amongst what used to be the Bohemian nobility who has accepted the altered conditions of things, and is putting his shoulder to the wheel. He has opened an art gallery in New York. The first exhibition, I hear, went off most successfully, and he seems to have every prospect of doing well.

He is a cadet of the great princely family of Lobkowicz, formerly one of the richest in the country we know now as Czecho-Slovakia, the head of which was *Durchlaucht*, that is Serene Highness, until titles were abolished by the Czecho-Slovakian Republic. His kinsman, Prince Max Lobkowicz, the second son of Prince Lobkowicz, is in the Czecho-Slovakian Legation in London.

Prince Max—who by the protocol has to be called M. Max Lobkowicz—has set an example in taking service with the Czecho-Slovakian Government which other young men of his position in that country might follow with advantage to themselves and to Czecho-Slovakia.

The old Austrian imperial order, of which their families were an integral part, has gone for ever. In those times the younger sons of great houses went into the Army, the Navy or the Diplomatic Service. The Czecho-Slovakian Army and its Diplomatic Service need men of the type represented by the old aristocrats. But the young men, rather than accept the inevitable and joining forces with the new nation, seem to prefer to pass a dull and fettered existence in their fathers' impoverished houses whilst *hectare* after *hectare* of the family property is disappearing by compulsory sale to the Government.

Some of them, it is true, following the example of many young Austrian noblemen, are going into business, but the majority get through their days anyhow, waiting and waiting for a return of the old order when being born noble had a significance in the old Austrian dominions it has never had in England.

Swaine

THE HON. URSULA LAWLEY

Chairman of the Ladies' Committee of the Middlesex Hospital Reconstruction Fund, who is appealing to the women of the Empire to help build a Queen Alexandra wing in memory of the Queen Mother in the new Middlesex Hospital. Miss Lawley is Maid of Honour to the Queen

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In a Scripture examination set to a class of small boys, there was this question:—

"What led to the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden?"

One of the answers was: "Over-indulgence in a fruit diet."

To Our Readers Abroad

The Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of The Bystander in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

"Othello's Occupation Gone"?

BY E. T. REED

MARS (" *written down* " *very considerably*): "Very awkward, you know, for a god of my position to have to go out of business. Of course, there's always 'The Pictures'! But it's not a nice life, you know. Rather vulgar!"

The Riviera Week by Week

THE Riviera shops never looked more attractive or alluring than they have done this Christmas. Smarter premises, more electric lights, page-boys at the doors even readier than ever to hand you to your car or call your taxi for you, and better window-dressing than last year, made it positively dangerous to walk abroad unless one was prepared to spend money recklessly. The high rate of exchange prevailing made it very tempting, though it must be reluctantly confessed that as the franc went down the tradesmen were quite willing, and even anxious, to advance the prices of their wares. There are, however, many articles at fixed prices which become bargains at such times to those with pounds or dollars to spend.

ALL the world-famed leaders of fashion have by now re-opened their branches down here, and the eternal subject of feminine adornment is very much to the fore as the season advances and galas and balls are announced. We are well provided for any emergency in the matter of dress in Cannes, where we have such well-known creators of costumes as Poiret, Molyneux, Lanvin, Patou, and Worth amongst us. Mannequins are common objects of the seashore, so to speak, and we know them in all their various types, from those with faces suggestive of reinforced concrete to those whose willowy walk reminds us of a piece of macaroni slipping off a fork. But in pleasure resorts like those of the Riviera one cannot appear too often in different frocks, hence the need for an extensive selection of apparel for all occasions—and hence the need for substantial and elastic letters of credit from home.

THE first galas at the Ambassadeurs are announced, and the Carlton is becoming very animated already. Recent arrivals there include the Duchesse de Talleyrand, who came from New York, Baron and Baronne Alfred de Gunsbourg, Mr. Stephen Courtauld, Dr. and Mrs. Skaife, and Mr. Laddie Cliff—resting for once. The Rajah and Ranee of Pudukota have returned to the Villa La Favorite, while Sir Edward and Lady Brockman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Redmond, the Hon. Narcisse Perodeau, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and Mr. G. Elkington are among the guests at the Grand, and Lady Petre, Lady Furnivall, Sir C. and Lady Chatterjee, and General and Mrs. Johnson are at the Hotel du Pavillon. Lord Whitburgh has arrived at the Beau-Site, where Mrs. Aitken, mother of Lord Beaverbrook, and her daughter are again in their usual suite for the winter. Lady Wavertree, apparently recovered from her recent illness, came back last week, and will doubtless take part in some of the tennis tournaments, and the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher is also here. The professional tournament for the Bristol Cup, which carries with it the championship of France, is to be the big attraction over the Christmas week at the Carlton Tennis Courts, where Mlle. Lenglen has played on several recent occasions and shown all her usual form.

MR. HAY GORDON ought to be pleased with the attendance at the Nice Golf Club, where members are turning up in daily increasing numbers. Among others who have been seen lately are Mr. and Mrs. E. Phillips Oppenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Batchelor, Sir Theodore and Lady Angier, Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Luscombe, Major and Mrs. Faudell Phillips, Colonel Ardoin, Major S. J. Symons, Comte and Comtesse Adorni, Colonel and Mrs. Dennis Milner, Colonel C. R. Mellor, Major Rattigan, Mrs. Bevington, and Captain and Mrs. Seymour. At the first matches of the season the silver medals for ladies were won by Comtesse Adorni and Miss Bigge, and those for men by Comte Adorni and Mr. J. S. Sykes. Mr. James Rhodes, the historian, of Boston, who is staying at the Riviera Palace Hotel with Mrs. Rhodes, has been entertaining a good deal lately, among his guests being his cousin, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junior, and Mrs. Rockefeller. The Aga Khan is here at his Cimiez villa for a time prior to returning to the East. By the time the Nice Race Meeting begins in January, the town looks like being quite full if the present rate of arrivals continues. The big liners which are calling at the Mediterranean ports are bringing many travellers, especially from the U.S.A.

ADVANCING IN FILE

Miss Mildred Ross of Chicago (left) and Miss Mary Tucker of Richmond Va. crossing a stream whilst playing a round on the Mandelieu links

Photographs *Topical*

CAUGHT AT THE COURTS

Miss Zeala Inder snapped before going into action. The photograph was taken on the courts at Cannes

MONTE CARLO looks very flourishing of late, and the morning stroll on the terraces in the sunshine brings together crowds of old friends from all parts of the globe. Sir Basil Zaharoff is here again, and others who have arrived are Sir Robert and Lady Fulton, Sir James Knott, Lady Wynne, Prince Eugene Ruspoli, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gordon Cozens, Colonel Harvie-Anderson—a well-known yachtsman who has played Rugby for Oxford and Scotland—and Mr. Charles Kingston, whose book on *The Romance of Monte Carlo* is by common consent the most fascinating work on this picturesque little Principality, and who is reported to have another on the same subject in the press. The first production of Oscar Wilde's

Ideal Husband in French at the theatre the other day, which coincided with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the author's death, was a great success, and will probably be repeated very soon. Major-General Sir Sydney and Lady Lawford are now at the Grand Hotel, and Lady Tennant, General and Mrs. Gloster, and Colonel Armytage at the Hotel Windsor. Monte Carlo was never so well supplied with comfortable little sporting *rendezvous* as it is this season, and places like the Royalty, which is run by Guido who comes from the Café de Paris, and the Knickerbocker, a bright spot under the cheery guidance of Frederic, just beneath Ciro's, are pleasant resorts which partake of the nature of clubs, but have many addi entertainments.

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THE opening of the Menton Casino with a symphony concert, followed by dancing, was a great success, and well-known personalities were to be seen by the hundred. Among others who have arrived or are expected by the time these lines appear are Lady Treves and her daughter, Lady Delmé Radcliffe, Sir Richard and Lady Musgrave, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. B. du Pré, and Mrs. F. J. Lascelles. Lady Baker is at the Hotel des Anglais, recently opened by the former proprietors of the Grand at Cannes, and Lady Wedderburn and Mr. and Mrs. Paget-Critchley are at the Imperial. The Victoria Park Rooms are much in demand for private entertaining, and some of those who have been giving bridge teas lately are Major-General Sir Archibald and Lady Paris, Sir John and Lady Wallis, and Mrs. Worsfold.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF TENNIS

Miss Bertha Kerr (left) and Miss Lettice Johnstone caught by the camera at the courts at Cannes. They seem to regard lawn tennis as a game—a rather remarkable fact in these days!

THE Hotel Bristol at Beaulieu, with its many fine tennis courts, has opened once more, and reservations are reported to be excellent. Near by is the villa of Dr. Van Loon, the American author, who is putting in a winter's literary work in very pleasant surroundings. Cap Ferrat has for long been one of the most favoured parts of the Riviera, and the presence of the Duke of Connaught there each season adds social interest to a delightful promontory. Sir Henry Juta and his daughter, Mrs. Hansard—who has a villa at Mougins—are on a visit to Lady Hadfield at her villa on Cap Ferrat, while Mrs. Hansard's brother Jan, the artist, is at Eze, where he has been helping Mr. Sam Barlow to decorate the interior of his house on the hill-top there.

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AT the other end of the Riviera Hyères has been livened up by the return of the Third Infantry battalion from Tunis, and visitors may now look forward to the resumption of the military band performances on Sunday afternoons. Professor and Mrs. W. T. Brewster, of New York, are at the Costebelle Hotel, where others include Colonel and Mrs. Hogarth and Major Pritchard. Sir John and Lady Barton, Judge Maxwell Fleming, Mrs. Benjamin Guggenheim, and Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Wortabet are at the Golf Hotel, and Admiral and Mrs. Napier at the Continental. A popular topic of conversation in the town is the presence of Chicherin and Krassin, complete with detective bodyguards, but they have had no effect on local politics.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

Photographs WINTER SPORTS FASHIONS HOLLANDAISE *Topical*

A party from Holland lend quite an international air to the rink at Arosa where skating is now in full swing. Their style of costume is *not* greatly in evidence this winter in Switzerland

LOVE AND GLASGOW

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

A YOUNG man of my acquaintance, who writes books and plays for a living, once accompanied me to Eastbourne for a few days. At about 9.30 each evening he would disappear into the telephone box and return a little flushed and sheepish.

"You are in love," I said to him at 9.45 one evening, "or else you are an international crook. Why this mysterious use of the telephone and always at the same time? You are putting through a trunk call because you have told me that you know no one in this town. If you were not in love or not an international crook it would not be necessary for me to question you like this. You would have volunteered an explanation of your strange behaviour."

A smile crossed his face. He rubbed his hands together between his knees.

"I see. You are in love. To what town have you been telephoning?"

"To Glasgow."

Now I have nothing whatever against the girls of Glasgow, but did you ever hear anything so absurd in all your life? What is the use of a young man, who has to live in the South falling in love with a girl who has to live in Scotland? I said something like that to my friend.

"I don't see anything stranger about Glasgow than about any other town," he expostulated.

"Listen, you poor waif. If a London man owns a gramophone, does he keep it in Stockholm? If you were very fond of a parrot or a canary, would you be content that it should be caged at Cork? Is to-morrow morning's breakfast any use to you in New York?"

"I wish you wouldn't rave so. Just because I talk on the telephone each . ."

"Talk to her! Yes, I was coming to that. Exactly at 9.30 every evening you assemble the entire staffs of the Eastbourne and Glasgow exchanges to listen to your love chat. Don't you realise that you and your *fiancée* are by now well-known characters on the wires? The most amusing of wireless Uncles was never waited for so eagerly as you and . . . and Jean."

"It isn't Jean."

"I propose to call her that because it's unlikely you'll tell me her name. Mind, I'm not blaming her. Women are born shameless in regard to love, and it was for you to deny her if she actually asked you to ring her up every night. She would have wept, but think what would thereby have been saved the counties of Sussex, Surrey, Bucks, Northants, Leicester, Derbyshire, Lancashire, Westmorland, Cumberland, Roxburgh, and Lanark."

"What the dickens do you mean?"

"Don't you realise that your billing and cooing travel along wires passing through all those counties. As to Sussex and Surrey, I make no particular complaint. They are, after all, your home counties, and the neighbourhood of London is hardened to strange things. I'm not so sure about Bucks. That is a purely agricultural county, and many a cow and sheep have, I am sure, turned uneasily in their sleep when your message sped across the fields begging Jean to believe for the fifth time this week that you hadn't spoken to a girl since you saw her last."

"I'm not such an infernal ass as . . . ."

"I hardly dare let myself think of Northampton. At the time you telephone the factories are idle. Millions of boots lie about, some ready for wear, some in process of construction. Across this vast bed of boots you and your Jean blow kisses. The boots lie unflung at present, but at your wedding have a care lest it be attended by a contingent of Northampton factory girls armed with the appropriate missile."

"If I had been so idiotic as to 'blow' a kiss as you vulgarly put it . . ."

"Leicestershire can perhaps bear the burden of your fatuous conversation better than most counties. They ride hard there, and at 9.30 most horses and hounds are asleep. But night after night at that very hour farmers must start up with fear at the sound of the barking of a thousand foxes brought out of their earths by a young woman who is enquiring from Glasgow to Eastbourne about her own darling duck."

"The only matters we ever discuss . . . ."

"The inland watering-places of Derbyshire would, you know perfectly well, become immediately unfashionable if it were realised that love affairs were nightly telephoned across the housetops. The hard cotton manufacturers of Lancashire would clamour for Protection instead of Free Trade, if they could hear the wires tingle with your yappings of 'angels' and 'sweeties.' Would anyone go for a honeymoon to the Lake District if it were known that you and Jean were putting up a burlesque performance on the wires that pass the hotel?"

"You're only showing off some very indifferent geography."

"Roxburghshire is part of the Border district and was the scene of many lawless deeds. I suppose you think your outrageous protestations could not be resented there. But in Roxburgh are also Melrose and Abbotsford. Are those classic haunts to be profaned by the amatory gush of an alleged playwright at Eastbourne? Finally, we are confronted with Lanarkshire and Glasgow. To-morrow night stop ere you speak and make a mental picture of Glasgow as it is at 9.30 on a winter's evening. It will save you from mistaking Jean for a goddess."

"I have told you already that there is no such person as Jean. It's really none of your business, but my new play is being tried-out in Glasgow and I ring up each evening to get the figure of the night's takings."

"BY THEIR WORKS SHALL YE KNOW THEM" By BATCHELOR

"Is the Vicar at Home?"

"Yes, Mum, but I'm afraid he can't see you. He's practising what he's preaching next Sunday!"

From Our Portrait Gallery

By Hay Wrightson

LADY LOUGHBOROUGH

A studio portrait of the wife of Lord Loughborough and daughter-in-law of the Earl of Rosslyn. Her husband, who served with the King's Royal Rifle Corps, was wounded in the Dardanelles

THE OLD ADAM

Produced AT THE KINGSWAY
17th November, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a playful homily on the futility of Pacifism, and Miss Cicely Hamilton reaches her conclusion with amusingly effective logic. The craving of gentle souls for peace and goodwill to all men, never more emphasised than at the present season—(Thanks. Same to you!)—is an age-long phenomenon. The Hebrew prophet of old thought he could discern an approaching day when nation should not lift up sword against nation; and one of the earliest admonitions of our childhood is that our little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes. But the Old Adam within us is not to be restrained by pious aspirations, and it would seem that the ultimate rule of life must ever be that of "Nature red in tooth and claw."

THE scene of the play is laid in the imaginary land of Paphlagonia, where some kind of Slavonic tongue is the talk of the day. Miss Hamilton has very considerately decided to anglicise the names of the characters, and we are grateful to her for that. The Prime Minister, for instance, Pñ Hrschmÿzl, is, no doubt, rightly proud of his sibilant patronymic, but we like him better as Mr. Shadlock. At the opening of the play, the Cabinet have met in the War Secretary's dining-room to deplore the bellicose attitude of Ruritania, a rival State that is threatening war. Owing to the need of throwing a sop to the pacifists who have been demanding a reduction of armaments (vote-catching is not an exclusively British industry), the army is found to be undermanned and unequipped, and absolutely unfit for service in the hour of the nation's peril. On the other hand, Ruritania is so full up with engines of war that she is able to waggle about a mailed fist or so just to show that she doesn't care.

ENTER then Mr. Athelstane Lilley, not only as the god from the machine but also as the god *with* the machine. A simple private citizen, he has invented what he calls the Neutral Ray, which has the power to bring any moving mechanical contrivance to a standstill, over a range of four hundred miles. In his simple and unobtrusive way, he intended to place the invention at the service of pedestrians, who, threatened by a mangled death for the crime of using the King's highway afoot, could hold up the traffic by just pressing a button, and pass through with the cheerful immunity of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea. Mr. Lilley (represented with conspicuous ability and no little humour by Mr. George Howe) claims that, with the aid of his apparatus, the Ray can be projected into Ruritania, and the enemy will then be powerless to move a gun or a ship. In short, he can win the war single-handed, thus reminding us not so much of the Old Adams as of Bill of that ilk who claimed to have won Waterloo off his own bat.

GEN. CUNLIFFE ESCORTS MISS HEDEGARDE JONES OUT OF THE WAR OFFICE

BUT when the solemn hour strikes to announce the commencement of hostilities it is found that this Ray business is a game that two can play. Ruritania, also, touches a button, and all the expensive weapons of war on both sides are simultaneously put out of action. It is a clear case of stalemate. Apparently, from the pacifist point of view, war is now impossible, as the belligerents have been practically disarmed. But that is just where the Old Adam comes in. The people have been told that they are going to have a war, and something of the kind must therefore be supplied. The sad truth is emphasised that our desire to injure our fellow man is not to be restrained by the absence of complicated and scientific lethal weapons. If we cannot down him with a high-explosive bomb, then we must heave a brick at him and hope for the best.

THE PENSIVE HEROINE
Miss Frances Clare as Betty Cunliffe

MR. SHADLOCK, for instance, comes to a Cabinet meeting, and proudly announces that the nation's gallant airmen, unable to turn a propeller of their planes, went into action and laid about them with their spanners. Furthermore, all the museums of the country have been ransacked for ancient pikes and halberds, and the Secretary for War smilingly envisages the prospect of a return to the era of the bow and arrow. It would seem that any attempts to run counter to ingrained human instincts can hope to do no more than emulate the historical feat of Mrs. Partington, who strove with indifferent success to broom back the Atlantic Ocean, a feat that America is now trying to repeat, in spite of the fact that the heavy old seas have of

late become still heavier with their copious surcharge of unbroached kegs of conviviality.

THEN there is the question of the Senior Service of Paphlagonia. The Navy is chained to its base by the Neutral Ray, and its scientifically trained crews are practically useless under the new conditions. The Government has therefore appointed, as Admiral of the Fleet, Mr. Joe Bunting, an ancient mariner whose experience hitherto has chiefly lain among fishing smacks. Mr. Bunting knows nothing of the modern science of naval engagements, but he can put into warfare at sea the Nelson touch by setting his coal-barge in its only fitting place. That is to say, alongside the enemy's ship, or what stands for a ship under the new conditions. Mr. Bunting has a soul above such things as torpedoes and submarines. His method of warfare is to down his enemy by a hefty smite with a boathook. He comes to the War Office with a robust vocabulary suggestive of Billingsgate, and complains that he cannot deal with the Lords of the Admiralty because they do not know their job. When he asked for a crew to man a fighting barge they sent him several naval engineers and a wireless operator. And all he wanted was an up-to-date fighter who could give an interfering enemy a good, hard knock with a capstan-bar or a marlin-spike.

WITH the third act we get down to brass tacks by way of an application of the moral. Let the peace people say what they will, the Old Adam in man makes him readier to hurt his neighbour than to help him. The "habit of bloodshed" cannot be cured by locking up the hurtful weapons. We go to war with frantic cheers and waving of handkerchiefs; but we do not show anything like the same enthusiasm for setting about good works. The Bishop of the City comes hotfoot from a mass meeting of pacifists to demand the stopping of the war because it is not right, but he is met by the retort that men do not go to war unless they believe they are fighting for the right, and as the right is a perpetually elusive treasure, it looks as if we shall go on fighting for a long time yet. The good bishop's further argument is drowned by the tramping of many feet outside and the frenzied singing of the old marching song of "Tipperary." And on that note the curtain falls to a storm of applause. *Absit omen.*

FEWLASS LLEWELLYN AS MR SHADLOCK, PRIME MINISTER, ENGAGES THE ATTENTION OF THE WAR CABINET!

WILLIAM J. REA AS THE BISHOP OF STEPHENSBURY

MR. CHARLES CARSON, as the Minister for War, presents the final arguments very gracefully, after having in the previous two acts made a good deal of fun of tooth-and-nail warfare. Mr. Roy Byford, as Admiral Joe Bunting, is a delight, since he looks the last man in the world to have charge of a navy, in spite of his cocked-hat and his gorgeous but ill-fitting uniform. Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn is quite perfect as the Prime Minister, and he makes all that is possible of the many lines of happy wit he has been chosen to speak. The authoress's conclusions will not please everybody, but they are brilliantly set forth, and seem to me to be horribly true. I am not quite sure, however, that her theme is one that will receive large popular support, but at least it deserves success. JINGLE.

METHODS OF STATE!

General Cunliffe (Scott Sunderland) expresses his doubts of the efficacy of the anti-war ray in no uncertain manner to its inventor, Athelstane Lilley (George Howe)

ROY BYFORD AS ADMIRAL JOE BUNTING PREFERS DEALING WITH THE WAR OFFICE TO THE ADMIRALTY

SCOTT SUNDERLAND AS GEN. CUNLIFFE

GEORGE HOWE AS MR ATHELSTANE LILLEY

MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT HAIL MR LILLEY AS SAVIOUR OF THE COUNTRY

MOTLEY MUSINGS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

A CLERGYMAN has just written a new romantic musical comedy whose setting is in the inevitable Balkans. Is not the Public just a little tired of Puritania?

. . . . . .

"DADDY, is a man allowed to have only one wife?"

"That's all, my boy."

"Then why does it say in the Prayer Book that he must take four better and four worse?"

. . . . . .

OUR City Editor supplies the following notes for those who are thinking of investing money:—

U.S.A. Oil Shares are a speculative proposition. In fact, certain of these oil mines are some of the few dry spots in America.

. . .

IT is unwise to hold on too long to Tobacco shares. There is always a possibility they may end in smoke.

. . .

INVESTORS in Nitrates are warned that they should not sell their securities for a mess of Potash.

. . .

DRAPERY shares are firm. You can safely invest your money in vestments.

. . .

BE careful to avoid putting money in Temperance Societies: Money's tight. Gramophones are sound: Money talks.

. . .

THOSE who like a quiet rubber gamble are welcome to it.

. . .

BEWARE of guilt-edged securities.

. . .

THOSE who are thinking of Railways had better wait till a certain Union has let off enough steam.

. . . . . .

WE are greatly looking forward to knowing what the Government's New Year Irresolution will be.

SO MOTE IT BE.

Prices have long, like prickly burrs,
Tenaciously clung to the top,
Refusing, like teetotalers,
Even to take a single drop!
But soon, like certain statesmen up in Town,
We are assured that they'll be climbing down!

It makes me feel once more a youth
To think we'll finish with food crises;
For if this be the candied truth,
Raisins will sell at currant prices;
And housewives in the least exclusive street
Will purchase sugar that can not be beet!

Hewers of coal will all agree
To work as merry as a grig:
In for a merry time we'll be,
When they won't think it infra dig!
Oh what a prospect! What one could be finer,
When all our major troubles won't be miner!

. . . . . .

"WHAT do you think of Mrs. X?"

"If she couldn't get a man to flirt with, she'd vamp on the piano!"

SEASONABLE PRESENTS.

For the Nation:—A strong cabinet.

For Mr. Baldwin:—Some pipes that won't burst.

For "Emperor" Cook:—A respirator.

For Dr. Marie Stopes:—A sexophone.

For Comedians:—A gag.

For the Home Secretary:—A Jix-saw puzzle.

For Flappers:—A little calf love.

For the Harlequins:—A case of new port.

For Theatre Managers and Poker Players } A full house.

. . . . . .

TICKET collectors on the railways are especially busy just now. We suppose it is the catch of the "season" again.

. . . . . .

IT is said that in her next novel Miss Dell's hero will be "stronger" than ever. That looks as though another Thor has set in.

. . . . . .

"WHO was the greatest liar ever known, Bobby?"

A pause.

"Surely you must know, my lad."

"Well, sir, of course I know there was Ananias; but then there's my sister!"

. . . . . .

ANSWER to Correspondent:—Considering your belief, we should advise you to wear a *crêpe de Sheeny* costume.

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

AN OPEN QUESTION

WIFE: "What are you opening that tin with, George?"
HUSBAND: "Tin opener, of course. What do you think?"
WIFE: "From the language I heard, I thought perhaps you were opening it with prayer!"

The Rubáiyát of Omar K—Amery

BY DAVID WILSON

"Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
" A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse and Thou
"Beside me, singing in the Wilderness—
"And Wilderness is Paradise Enow".

OMAR KHAYYÁM

Popularising the "One-Back" Theory

Lenare

A photographic pose—and poise—by Miss Rita McLean who dances in that popular show "No No Nanette" at the Palace Theatre. We feel sure she will always keep the ball rolling!

THE LIFE OF A LAD

By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustrated by A. WALLIS MILLS

SLIGHTING THE SLEUTH

"'This place needs livening up,' said Justine"

INERTIA had laid her hand heavily on that well-known yachting centre Shingle-on-Sea. Not a breath of breeze ruffled the waters nor cooled the sun-scorched sand.

Fizz lay stretched upon the beach. Justine sat beside him. She wore a black bathing dress of the kind known as skin tight, which suited her, Fizz thought.

However, that afternoon, as on other afternoons, Justine seemed indifferent to the admiration she evoked in Fizz. She seemed pensive, a little melancholy, and quite unconscious of his proximity.

Justine's mother, on the other hand, regarded the pair on the beach from her bedroom window with grave disfavour, for she did not at all approve of Fizz as a companion for her daughter.

There certainly were many who thought Fizz Herbert had been lucky to escape retribution for so long. Certainly there is no doubt that he was fortunate not to have been deported for the part he played in the matter of Sir Terence O'Fuddle, K.B.E., M.O.B.H.

However, if Fizz had not been born to die a natural death, his sins would have caused him to pass out long ago. It is not a safe thing, for example, to put a live mouse up the trouser leg of a fanatical Russian in the middle of a spiritualistic seance, nor to disguise yourself as a bolster and startle a modern maiden just as she is getting into bed, nor to visit uninvited, the floating Palace of an Eastern Potentate in order to count the number of his wives.

These things and more also did Fizz Herbert in the years following the Great War, and yet he lived and increased his reputation. For whatever folk said of Fizz, none denied he was a lad.

Well, then, concerning the matter of Sir Terence O'Fuddle, K.B.E., M.O.B.H., Deputy-Chief Inspector of the Department for Investigating Crime, —in fact, a person of consequence at Scotland Yard. It all came about through Justine's yawning as she lay on the beach of Shingle-on-Sea on that sunny afternoon.

Fizz hated to see Justine looking bored or sad. He liked to see her laugh, and it was because he sometimes succeeded in making her do so, that she forgave him much.

"This place needs livening up," said Justine.

"Let's do it then," said Fizz.

"How?" asked Justine.

Fizz's eyes rested on Justine's black silk skin tight bathing suit, and a glint came into them that betokened he had an idea.

"Well, a burglary would give folks something to talk about."

"Who shall we burgle?"

"Old Fuddle."

Justine's eyes sparkled. "I must say that is an idea."

For Sir Terence O'Fuddle, K.B.E., M.O.B.H., was pleased with his high position at Scotland Yard, and given to dilating on his infallible methods—boot-prints, heart beats, eye-lash measurement—for detecting crime. He had also invented the Fuddle handcuffs, which could be adjusted as quickly and easily as a lasso can be thrown round a steer and were as hard to shake off. He was specially proud of these and gave demonstrations of their efficiency to all and sundry. Moreover, his country house at Shingle-on-Sea stood next to Sapphire Lodge, the home of Justine.

Sir Terence was enjoying an after-dinner cigar, sitting in his bow window, when something moving in the garden caught his eye.

Though the night was dark, it was easy to see the figure which was dressed in white. The figure was moving stealthily from tree to tree, and could only be either a ghost or a trespasser.

Sir Terence, nothing if not a man of action, at once got up to see, taking from the mantelpiece a pair of the Fuddle handcuffs.

Walking quietly out into the garden he followed the figure in white, calling to it to stop. The figure took no notice.

Now, though the night was dark, it was not so dark that any living human being could have stood out on that lawn unperceived. Sir Terence, therefore, had no hesitation in crossing the lawn after the fugitive, though he decided to pause before he penetrated into the plantation beyond. After all the Deputy-Chief Inspector of the Department for Investigating Crime, must be careful where he goes.

Sir Terence was about half way across the lawn when his hat suddenly left his head, causing him to stop in his tracks with something closely approaching a violent start. For there had been no breeze to remove the hat, nor overhanging branches. Yet it was gone. How, how the dickens had that happened! Well, if the hat had fallen off it must be on the ground.

Sir Terence started to grope around his lawn. It was too dark to distinguish such a small object as a hat on

the ground, and the search took some while.

Then Sir Terence felt something and this time he really did jump, for his hat was back on his head. At the same moment he heard a laugh from the bushes and saw the figure in white.

Now the laugh was a mocking laugh, and whether it came from ghost or mortal, Sir Terence was not going to stand for it. He would catch that figure and clap his patent handcuffs on him, if it was the Lord of Darkness himself.

He darted forward, eyes fixed on the figure in white, and next moment tripped and fell headlong, the handcuffs flying out of his hands.

In the next few seconds a good deal happened. It seemed to Sir Terence that some invisible enemy fell upon him. Before he knew what had happened he felt his own handcuffs clapped round his wrists, and next moment was alone.

The extraordinary part of the whole procedure, as Sir Terence often said afterwards, was that throughout the assault he had clearly seen the figure in white standing a full thirty yards from him, and though he had been conscious of human hands and shape about him, he had seen absolutely nothing else.

No explanation was ever forthcoming of the extraordinary circumstance of the manner in which Sir Terence O'Fuddle was found by his servants (attracted by the strange and fearful language he was using) in his own garden, fastened with his own handcuffs. But the uncharitable in Shingle-on-Sea said he had been drinking for some time.

However, the following remark of Justine's may throw some light on the matter for those interested:

"You will have to buy me a new pair of stockings," she said severely to Fizz.

They were in the bathroom of Sapphire Lodge on the evening of the outrage. Fizz was washing charcoal from his face, arms and neck. He wore a skin tight black silk bathing dress, and a pair of Justine's best black silk stockings, in one of which a ladder of considerable proportions had sprung.

A. M.

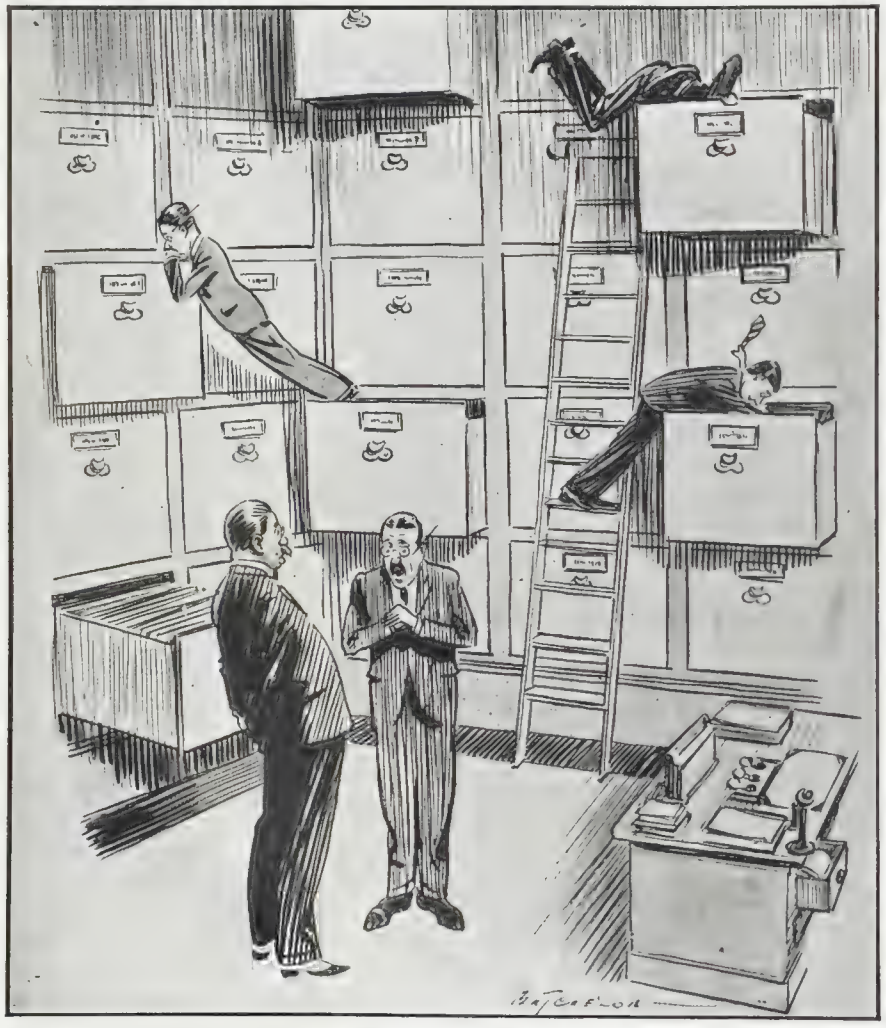
CHRISTMAS CAMEOS

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

THOUGH modern children say you are
Naught but a silly myth, poor Pa
Knows all too well that you may be
Not COD but merely C.O.D.

THE HOUSEHOLDER.

Now bills pour in with every post
And swamp you fore and aft,
It is not strange your bank account
Should "feel the overdraft."



BY BATCHELOR

A SYSTEMATIC SEARCH

MANAGER: "What's all the fuss about?"
CLERK: "Bindles, the office boy, has got lost somewhere in the filing system!"
MANAGER: "Well, have you looked under 'B'?"

THE AMATEUR RECITER.

SINCE you can quell us one and all
With recitations metrical,
Whene'er you feel you *must* begin,
Be kind and stop your "Gunga" din.

THE POSTMAN.

WHEN, tremblingly, we hear your knocks
On Boxing Day we know
The chances are your Christmas "box"
Will prove a knock-out blow.

THE DOCTOR.

Now heavy meals are all the rage,
Of extra work you've quite a lot,
For it is very clearly seen
When Tommy's "fed up" you are *not*.

THE PRINCIPAL BOY.

SINCE Pantomimes are here again,
Once more you make it very plain
To those who love the theatre's joys
It's true to-day girls *will* be boys.

THE FLAPPER.

THE benefits of mistletoe
Are well known unto *this* miss,
And that is why she votes "a Go"
The season she calls "Kissmiss."

THE CHRISTMAS GHOST.

TO-DAY when under ancient roof
You moan and raise a din,
The spirit proves too "under proof"
To take us moderns in.

THE SMALL BOY.

THOUGH you don't wish to go away
From home and friends, you know a way
To prove that you're *some* stowaway.

THE WAITS.

YOU'RE the waits who'd cause some pleasure
And gladden all our hours of leisure
If only you would give "short measure."

THE "RED."

IF Father Christmas visits you
With gifts upon his back,
You may not get a present, but
We *hope* you'll get the sack!

SANDERSON GIBBS.

BY MACMICHAEL.

"LOVE AND DISCIPLINE": AN IMPRESSION FROM THE CHAUVE-SOURIS

"THE M

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

MOUSE"

BY HIGGINS

KICKING OVER THE TRACES

MEALS IN DREAMLAND

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN

LAST night I ate a steak in a dream. It was extraordinarily good, and represented probably my ideal grilling. I thank humbly that genie, demi-urge, or, maybe, apostle who takes charge of our souls by night. He must have a fine mind himself, one that soars like a golden eagle in the upper-chambers of the air, far above the material needs of the earth-bound. That he should condescend to my taste makes me hopeful of my prospective spirituality. If he will not think a mild criticism impertinent, I may mention that on the next occasion I should like to be spared just a dash of French mustard.

It is a long time since I had any luck in a dream, but I believe that even in dreamland we get our deserts. I am always issuing writs and summonses —I, whose corporeal self knocks at the knees at the sight of a lawyer's wig—and always winning my cases. They are sometimes preposterous actions taken against my greatest friends, and I hasten to say that almost invariably in dreamland these friends ask me to dinner. These dinners vary in quality. I have an opportunity here to exercise my wit at the expense of my friends' dinner-parties, but nobly shall abstain. Let me say this. While I have eaten better dinners in dreamland than in the houses of my friends, I am safer with my friends on an average. Not even a "precious" young highbrow dramatic critic would ask me to eat sea-gull.

Yes, I have eaten sea-gull and many other strange foods in dreamland, as you shall read. But I have suffered no ill-effects afterwards, and from this it may be concluded that in heaven or hell, or purgatory, we shall, at any rate, have said good-bye to indigestion and stomach-aches. I am sorry to trespass on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's territory, but when he promises us that the baked meats of this life will be reproduced in the next he makes me frightened. If dying means that I have got to eat veal, let me live.

Veal! Those who write to deride what I say I like to eat ask sometimes what there is that I do not like. I have written it. Veal, gentlemen, is my *bête blanche*. This, somehow, has become known to the dream demi-urge, and until last night, when he allowed me that perfect steak, I have always had to eat veal after my cases have been tried. I always win, as I have told you, and the misery of my opponents makes me utterly wretched. A distinguished theatrical manager was co-defendant with a Scotch aunt of mine the other night, and they sobbed bitterly on each other's necks. Then we all sat down to eat veal.

Now, veal tastes like white blotting-paper before it is cut into sheets, and in real life I succeed in dodging it. No one dare serve it in my house, and if I pass my village meat-shop when there is the carcase of a calf on view the butcher always throws an ulster over the offensive object, for we have our Walter Raleighs yet. In restaurants I just scoff if it be suggested to me, and in private houses I pass the course. I cannot understand how other people continue to chew the ridiculous stuff, which, if left to grow, would become bright, benignant beef.

Have you noticed how difficult it is to get milk in France and Belgium? And when you get it it is very poor stuff. Now stop and consider how frequently people over there try to make you eat veal. It will appear on the menu card at both luncheon and dinner. Think of the thousands and thousands of calves that must be destroyed in order to satisfy the national lust for veal. No wonder that cows are so scarce, and, when found, look so depressed. I think it would be a magnificent thing for our beloved Latin allies if they passed a self-denying resolution not to kill a calf for a whole year. Their cattle would jump the moon for joy, and in our holidays we would journey "unto a land flowing with milk."

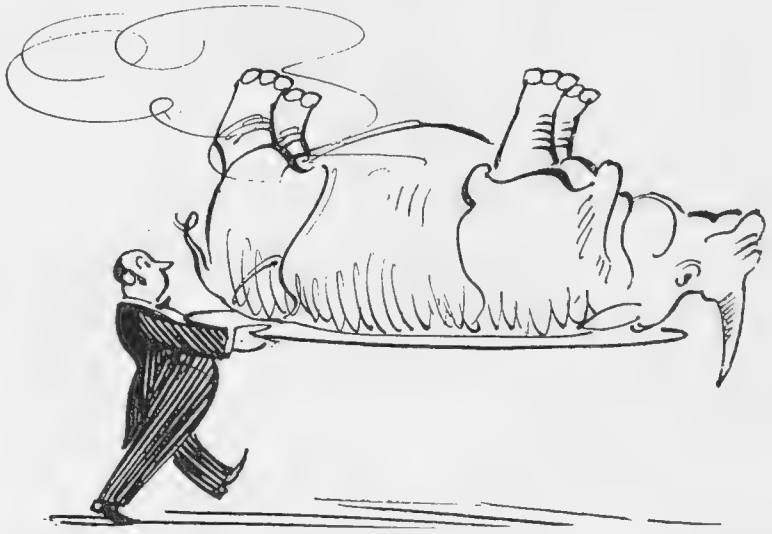
Veal is tasteless, like blanc-mange, than which it is harder. It will not wobble like blanc-mange, and so is incapable of providing any amusement. I cannot convey to you how much I hate the stuff, and yet I have to eat it at my dreamland meals. You, kind Henry, who entertain me frequently, could not be capable of the *bêtise* of

"They sobbed bitterly on each other's necks"

offering me veal on earth, but I am sorry to have to tell you that you lose all discrimination in the dream world. "What is it?" I ask, as you lift the cover. "*Longe de veau*," you say, or "*Rouelle de veau*." What right has my night-time mind to turn you into a cad?

John is the man at whose table I ate the sea-gull. In real life he is a doctor with a French wife, who is a perfect judge of food. But even at John's meal we did not get the gull till we had eaten some veal, and I remember turning to the gull with the remark that it could not be worse. What did the gull taste like? Dusty, definitely dusty, so that we washed it down with tankards of tea made with hard water. By the way, I have never had a decent drink in a dream. I have seen champagne on the table, but I cannot recollect ever seeing it poured out. Is this a portent or a prophecy?

The newspapers have a great deal to do with my dream meals, as they must with yours. For instance, a newspaper had a story the other day about a rhinoceros who, when making friendly advances to a keeper, nearly crushed him to death. Well, that night, in my dream, after I had won my case as usual, having reduced to utter ruin an ex-Prime Minister and a vendor of furniture on the hire system, we sat down to dinner, and up came the rhinoceros. "Thank goodness it wasn't the keeper," said the ex-Prime Minister. The rhino cut up as if it were jelly and tasted like salt cod with pork



"Up came the rhinoceros"

crackling. There were ladies present at this meal, and a youthful Society queen, who ought to have known better than to come into my dreams, powdered her face with a split baked potato.

I am waiting eagerly for the day when I shall lose one of my dream actions-at-law. Surely I shall give a dinner-party or for ever be known as a churl to my dream companions. And what shall I provide? Surely it will not be veal or blanc-mange or cod or stewed fruit? What a ghastly punishment to be forced to provide all the things I dislike so intensely on earth! Imagine starting, for instance, with that strange restaurant soup that tastes like beef extract with the beef extract left out, and imagine finishing with tapioca pudding. Pity, pity, pity!

May I address an urgent request to the attendants at the Zoo. Please, I beg of you, don't get the animals into the papers more frequently than you can help. If you must have paragraphs, do not make the Mandrill their subject. Exclude if you can, the Civet cat. Forget that you have a Wart-hog in the collection. Give the Jackal no publicity. Let the Camels lead eventless lives. Ask the Canadian Skunk to keep himself to himself. Hood the Vultures and put the lid on the Alligators. Reconcile the Pythons and the Boas to everlasting somnolence. Be silent at all costs about the Armadillo's wildest prank. If you must get the Zoo into the papers, oblige me by spinning anecdotes exclusively about the Turtles.

A KASHMIR WEDDING

A photograph of the bride and bridegroom and guests at the wedding in Kashmir of Captain M. R. Jefferies, M.C., and Miss Ruth Wakefield. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. C. Wakefield. Her father holds the post of Secretary for State Affairs and Private Secretary to the Maharajah Sir Hari Singh.

Wall Flowers

G.P.A.

MISS ELSIE TARRON AND MISS THELMA HILL

Who delight cinema-goers by their appearances—generally in bathing-dresses—in Mack Sennett comedies. They pose for the camera in a spirited display of black and white, as the latest thing in mural decorations.

Among the Mountains: Ski-ing Pictures

Photographs *W. Gabi*

A TELEMARK

A photograph taken near Wengen, showing a ski-runner in the act of bringing off a perfect specimen of this turn, which is the despair of the novice, and very impressive to the onlooker

from the Snow Slopes of Switzerland

AMONG THE SNOW SLOPES *Central News*

A study of skiers on the stretches of glorious snow, set among wonderful scenery, which await the devotees of winter sport in Switzerland

W. Gabi

"A GOOD PULL UP"

Lord Knebworth pulling up "all standing," a finish much desired of ski-runners who too often perform this part of the programme on their heads

W. Gabi

"UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH"

Mr. J. C. Carleton, of the Oxford University ski team, in the midst of one of the most exhilarating "stunts" in ski-ing, the jump turn

A Topper!

MLLE. MISTINGUETT *Abbé*

In her costume as Ring Mistress of "La Revue Mistinguett," which is enjoying unbounded success at the Moulin Rouge in Paris

PARISIANA

"By René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

THERE is nothing more charming about Paris when you have lived here for a long time than to see it through other folks' eyes, a delight that one experiences every few weeks in the presence of sympathetic visitors. It is a rarity that one does not gather to the stock a new legend. A sweetly serious little lady asked me yesterday, *par exemple*, if it were not true that Scotland Yard had sent over a number of its best point-duty policemen to teach the Paris *agents* how to

"Roseray dances with a tinier minimum of vestimentary accessories"

control traffic, and that most of them had been run over and killed. She felt quite confident about it, and "understood" the affair had been "hushed up" so as not to create trouble in London.

WELL, as legends about Paris go, this one would appear to possess a substantial amount of probability, to those who believe that the furious-driving Paris taxi-cab chauffeurs pass most of their time in running over and killing people, but, as a fact, these furious drivers are really very skilful, and it is nothing like such a common event as you would imagine for them to run anybody down, particularly policemen. The legend must remain "unconfirmed."

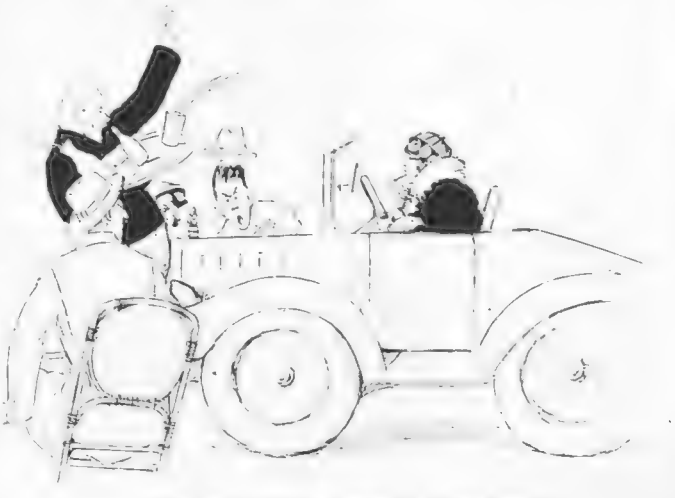
AND that although I personally witnessed an adventure which would seem to lend very strong support to the suggestion that the men "on point" lead a life of peril. The Avenue de Neuilly, though long and broad, has been apt to get jammed on account of repairs, and in a traffic "block" Paris chauffeurs express their irritation in a Klaxon chorus. An exuberant young friend who was showing us what he could do with his new Chenard-Walcker made the mistake of launching out on a boisterous and very raucous Klaxon solo from the second row of a jam, and in thirty seconds an *agent* was tapping at the window demanding an explanation of why he was so aggressively objecting to the hold-up order that had been given. Fortunately for us the *agent* had come on the inside of the road and, just as our young friend was struggling to babble an excuse, another driver, unsighted, bumped the *agent* in the pants, and while the subsequent debate was generating heat, we silently stole away.

"To teach the Paris *agents* . . . ."

YET Paris is reasonably safe for democracy, so much so that Parisiennes in command of "*cinq chevaux*"—thousands strong—can, and do, take the most surprising of liberties. Judge from an incident I observed in the Rue Auber, which, as most of you know, is the main channel between the Gare St. Lazare and the Place de l'Opéra, thus rather busy. The *agent* had signalled "*Halte,*" and a *petite* Parisienne, conducting *un petit* Citroën, obviously *en route* for an important rendezvous, decided she would improve the shining hour by touching up her lips, which had lost a little of their carmine.

THERE was a mirror on the side of the car, and, holding the wheel with her left hand, she delicately applied the rouge pencil with her right. When the "*En Avant*" was sounded by the *agent* the little Parisienne, confident of her driving skill, went forward with the stream, piloting single-handed and continuing to look in the mirror. Gradually, without her noticing it, the head of the car swung round, through the *biais* on the right, the front wheels mounted the pavement, and before she could get the brakes in action she was among the tables of a *café* terrace. Nobody was hurt. But it needed the full battery of her charms to win over the *agent*.

PRESENTATION of a new revue at the Casino de Paris has become as important among international events as a new revue at the Folies-Bergère, for now there cannot be much difference in the number of the hundreds of thousands of francs spent on these productions. Up to a year or two ago M. Volterra appeared to try to do things more cheaply than the more famous house, but I would not be surprised to find that the present bills are equal.



"She was among the tables of a *café* terrace"

For one thing the Casino includes *étoiles* in the cast, which is practically never the case at the Folies-Bergère, and the salaries of Maurice Chevalier, Yvonne Vallee, and the Dolly Sisters are obviously bound to make a big difference to the accounts. To a native, by far the most pleasing thing about the Casino winter revue, *Paris en Fleurs,* is the excellent progress shown by a number of old friends. Chevalier is better than ever he has been, and on this performance stands alone in Paris as a light comedian. There was a fear when Maurice was so seriously ill a few months ago that he might never be able to play again, but he is now gayer and more full of frolic than we have known him. Chevalier is that rare thing among comedians, a really merry soul, and if he does not enjoy his performance even more than the audience does, it is only because the enjoyment of the audience could not possibly be exceeded. Yvonne Vallee, too, has improved with him, and together they make the finest pair for a comic sketch that we have in Paris to-day. Their *" Savez-vous planter des choux? "* is the brightest number of its kind which Paris music-halls have offered us for about three seasons.

And one must also spare a line for Roseray and Capella, the pose-dancers, who have come on beyond all possible anticipations. Roseray dances with probably a tinier minimum of vestimentary accessories than anyone else in this candid capital—even less than Josephine Baker in her *dance du ventre,* the one o'clock rallying *numéro* of the Abbaye de Thélème—but her poses are so exquisitely artistic that the fact that they are executed almost in the nude passes imperceptibly. The Paris stage knows many who wear more yet look conspicuously undressed.

" Discover that they are respectable "

Apropos of quantities of apparel the topical method of husband-catching is emphasised in *Trois jeunes filles nues,* the winter musical comedy at the Bouffes-Parisiens, with the witty Yves Mirande as exponent of the system, but which he leaves, of course, more charming forms to illustrate. Mirande's argument is that " Be good, sweet maid, and let him who will be clever " would be out of date even if the maid were authorised to be cleverly good.

His *trois jeunes filles*—who are four, like the Musketeers—go to work on the principle that *sagesse* and *modestie* will make no break in the ranks of the bachelors, but that if they appear on the music-hall stage, *jambes nues* and *décolletées* to match, with a reputation as *femmes légères,* there will be a rush of aspirants, and the husbands will only discover that they are really the most respectable of girls when they are securely wedded.

Mirande demonstrates his theory very effectively—there being nobody to prevent a playwright from " proving " a theory he sets out to expound, circumstances being so easily adapted when necessary—but as he does it for fun, our fun, the argument is more than acceptable for the sake of the entertainment.

René.

Seasonable Games for the Youngsters

Love a Duck

This game can only be played when there is an engaged couple in the conservatory, and needs pencils, paper and sharp ears. Each of you in turn hides behind the curtains (the sofa is sure to be occupied), and takes down the score. Every time you hear " darling " you score 3 points. Every time you hear " beloved " you score 4 points. Every time you hear " woozoms " you score 5 points. A long-drawn-out sound like " m-m-m-m " counts 6 points. No points are allowed for either ordinary or rapid fire kisses, but if anyone can time a kiss over a minute, he should immediately shout " Help ! " and call the gardener.

. . . . .

Tum Tum

This is best played by two people under twelve. Take (when the cook's back is turned) twelve mince pies, eight oranges, two pounds of macaroons, four bottles of ginger beer, and your small sister's box of chocolates. Divide equally and begin. The first who turns green loses. Should you get sick of this game, try

Slippery Sam.

This is really an improvement on Musical Chairs, and needs a parquet floor. Wait till the coast is clear, and then, when the chairs are in position, carefully make a butter slide on each side of them. Use plenty of butter, and slightly smear what is left on the chairs themselves. Induce at all costs your fat aunt to join in the game. Then start the music, retire out of the danger zone, and wait for the bumps.

The Hat Trick

This is a conjuring trick which never fails to evoke hearty laughter. Ask any gentleman in the audience whether you may borrow his top-hat; then having got it, ask for the loan of a shilling. (You ought to get this easily from Aunt Jane unless she was a Slippery Sam casualty). Next, proceed to bet the gentleman the shilling that you can cut out the top of his hat and put it back. Unless he's a rotter, he's sure to take the bet, whereupon you proceed to cut out the entire round part of the hat. You then attempt to put it back again, which, unless you're a wizard, you can't do. Finally you smile, hand the hat back and say, " I'm afraid, you've won your bet, sir ! "

N.B.—He'll probably be so wild that he'll forget he's won Aunt Jane's bob !

Hartley Carrick

Round the Revues in Paris

MAURICE CHEVALIER in "La Revue Mistinguett"—and the inevitable "smoking"

THE DOLLY SISTERS getting a move on in "Paris En Fleur" at the Casino de Paris

JOSEPHINE BAKER the lissom leading lady of the "Nigger Revue" at the Théâtre d'Etoile

LOUIS DOUGLAS presents a study in black and white in the "Nigger Revue"

MISTINGUETT of the wonderful legs who is running her own revue at "Le Moulin Rouge"

CARICATURES BY G. DE ZAYAS

A pictorial review of revue artistes who are doing their far from inconsiderable bit to make Paris worthy of the title of "The Gay City"

LET'S BE SENTIMENTAL

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"After-dinnerish phrases"

LONDON, *December 21*

DEAR COUSIN—

THIS annual festival of Christmas . . . yes, I understand on the very best authority it's quite close and nigh at hand, if not actually and factually and literally here. Said authority consisting very largely, I must confess, of certain parcels of somehow singularly significant appearance—some outward bound and others already arrived (more or less prematurely, I admit) at this particular harbour or parking station for goods and merchandise.

DOES rather bring home to one, I must say, does this solemn period a moment in the world's history, the real meaning of those rather weighty and after-dinnerish phrases about imports and exports and the world's trade. And how England's more or less inevitably doomed—for all sorts of other reasons, of course, such as because it's too Protestant or too Catholic, or too inartistic or insufficiently practical, or an iceberg of materialism or a hotbed of idealism, but especially and above all, apparently, because "our imports," they say, "exceed our exports."

THIS is, it seems, or anyway so they tell us, an extremely bad sign. Though you'd think, wouldn't you, that when we were getting all sorts of nice things into this country like "food, drink, and tobacco," not to mention "animals not for food" (which I suppose would include even such priceless though inedible objects as Hamlet the brown spaniel and Tiddles the little stripey cat), and sending far less of 'em out, we must be scoring on the whole rather heavily? "But no, on the contrary, sir," as the *petite Française* said to the Channel steamer captain who asked her if she'd had lunch. Which only goes to show, doesn't it, what a terribly odd and bewildering matter all this trade and commerce business must be?

ODDISH business life altogether, of course, if you come to that, but what I mean is, isn't it too fearfully strange the way they try and talk, some of them, of even this surely most super-sentimental affair of Christmas, in terms of commerce and £s.d. and plus-es and minus-es and cold calm reason and all that sort of thing? Reckoning up, for instance, the amount of calories to be found in a turkey or of vitamins discoverable in a mince-pie—or if barley water shouldn't be recommended as an accompaniment to oysters rather than Bollinger — and whether bingled Binnies or long-haired Lulus are safer as a sanitary proposition for osculatory operations under the mistletoe. . . .

"Shingle bobs to remain"

WHEREAS, *n'est-ce pas,* whole point and purpose, if any, of these ancient festivities is to away with dull care as the poet once put it, and also banish for once equally dull logic and reason, and just to behave as utterly and completely irrationally and brightly and sentimentally as your possibly limited British power of letting-yourself-go will permit. To spend at any rate recklessly — and the very quietest of us can do that at a pinch, can't we? —on all sorts of unnecessary things and never even for a moment begin to repent of an extravagance. . . . To flirt without fear, to dance till we drop, to play games, outdoor and parlour, to the very last point of physical and moral exhaustion. . . . Well, that's about all I think I can think of for the moment, for my Christmas *Credo.*

EXCEPT that, this being a moment when a certain Infant whom we all honour (whether *religieuses* or not) was found in a stable surrounded by cows and other friendly members of the so-called lower creation, should rather like to suggest that even our aforesaid and beloved animals might have a special share in these celebrations; *i.e.* and *e.g.* and *par exemple,* no birds or foxes or other alleged "game" to be done down "to make a British holiday" just for this particular week. But I suppose

"Vitamins in a mince-pie"

that's too much to ask. After all (I can hear 'em saying, these sturdy "guns" and riders to hounds) there *are* limits to sentiment and all that kind of thing, eh what?

AND, you know, I can quite sympathise with them really up to a point, these country dwellers who've made into almost a religion of their own the killing of little country birds and beasts. We here in London have all sorts of interests of every variety and kind—the keen urge of professions like doctoring or drama or writing, even office business or politics, and plays and parties where all manner of intellects clash, to keep us alive. Whereas in the country—oh my dear cousin, what an emptiness, unless, of course, you happen to be a philosopher, and even

then it's a rare philosophy that'll survive 365 days per annum of living next door to nature, with nothing but county families for your spiritual sustenance. No wonder even the best of them have an urge to go out on a fine day and kill something—and of course it's all against our inadequately drawn-up laws to kill *humans*.

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Here in London (said she proudly) we're crisp at any rate, as Paula puts it in Mr. W. J. Locke's latest and newest book, "The Great Randolph." Which is all about a great millionaire inventor who is so violently and picturesquely impulsive that he loses not only his fancy girl but his fortune. But eventually, as has happened before (and I hope will continue to happen) in the novels of Mr. Locke, Love triumphs over mere Circumstance and all is triumphantly, though not altogether unsubtly, well. For this writer, dear cousin, though a best-seller can positively write—and I can't say no fairer nor that, can I? Coupling him, however, in this toast, with the name of Mr. Gilbert Frankau and Mr. Warwick Deeping and . . . No, I can't think of anyone else at the moment.

卐

A crispish heroine, Mr. Locke's—as, indeed, they all need to be these days, don't they? She don't wait for things to fall (as some one murmured in my ear the other night)—she gets up and shakes the tree. Yes, I remember now, those were the words of Glory

"The *petite* Française and the Captain"

Troupe (otherwise Vivienne Whittaker) in the new play at the Everyman called *Sweet Pepper,* which is certainly rather *apropos* of best-sellers, is not it? the novel of that name being alleged to have been sold to the extent of 150,000 or so in these mere British Isles alone.

卐

But the play wouldn't have sold 150 or even 15, methinks, if it hadn't been written all over again by the author after a rather disastrous first night. When most of the intervals were rather longer than the scenes, and as there were about seven of 'em, even the many friends of Major Geoffrey Moss, the author, who's a well-known Guardsman and son-in-law of Mr. Ronald McNeill, were getting a bit dithery and overproud of their noble endurance towards the end thereof. But *on a changé tout cela*, now, and put lots more pep in it, I understand (sweet and otherwise), so once more we hope for the best.

卐

Lots of Hungarian local colour in this play, by the way, and very nice too, especially when the local Hungarian crowd comes shouting its patriotic slogan all over the place of

Nem, Nem, Shawhah!

which has no particular Shavian reference as you might well think, but simply means (according to the little slip included in my *première* programme).

No, no, never!

With love (and Merry Christmas),

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

DANCING STEP SISTERS

Patsy and Billie Irwin caught in a catch-as-catch-can pose. The Irwin sisters are appearing in "The Blue Kitten," the new musical comedy at the Gaiety

Sport and General

ONE OF LIFE'S TRIALS

Colours and Whites, the two teams in the Rugby Football Trial Match at Carlisle pose, while they are still immaculate, for the camera. The Whites won the match by four goals and two tries to two goals and one try.

THE RUGGER WORLD

HERE AND THERE

By "PENDARVES"

One can only suppose that the first English Trial of the season, which they call "Whites and Colours"—this developing later into "Probables and Possibles," is a very tentative affair, held as it were *in camera,* so that as few critics as possible shall see. Hence the *cache* at Carlisle. Incidentally, is it not rather unwise to expose our weaknesses right on the Scottish border? Several canny Scotch friends of mine came out of their Lowland lairs to have "a look see" at that Carlisle game. Their subsequent remarks were not exactly encouraging; things like "Is that all ye've got the noo?" and so on.

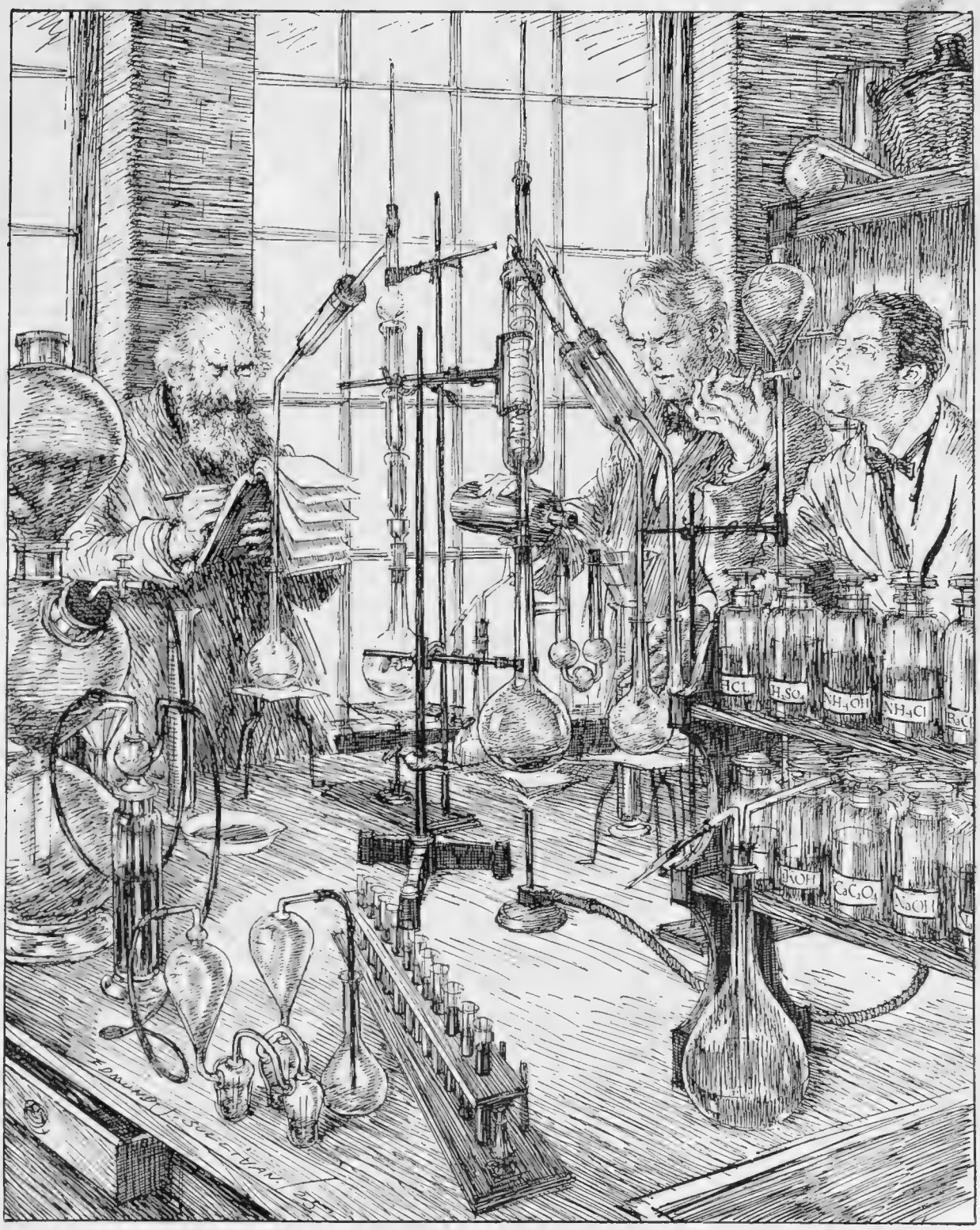
And why choose a frost-bitten ground where they don't understand, seemingly, the art of properly protecting by straw, as we do down South? It was, as the players said, "devilish hard," especially on the far side opposite the Stand. It cost Francis a severely damaged knee. To put all England's presumably best players on to ground like this one certainly seemed reckless in the extreme. True, the majority of the players in that rather unsatisfactory Trial were "from the North." But why not choose a halfway meeting-place, like that superb Leicester ground, for example? It was vacant on that day too, the Tigers being busy at Blackheath, to the latter's undoing.

Some people wrote afterwards about "the stern test at Carlisle." I don't see anything frightfully stern about a 26 points to 11 victory by "The Whites." Thirteen of the fifteen Colours (or "The Rest" men) were from the Northern clubs, and not one of them was really convincing. There is little enough help coming to England in her this year's internationals from these places evidently. The most disappointing feature of the Trial was the signal failures of either Chantrill at full-back, or Green in a similar position on the other side, to show the merit required for England's last line of defence. The fact is we have not got a full-back who ranks above mediocrity at the moment. Chantrill was never quite safe on either of the four occasions when he was capped last year. The only thing that can be said of Green is that he can kick. He loses his head in a tight corner (a fatal weakness), and his defence is negligible. Leicester men are continually talking to me about L. C. Sambrook's play. Eliminating local bias he has, of course, been in the public eye as a full-back for several seasons, and played for the South against England, and for the North against the South last year. On one occasion he played brilliantly (North v. South), but he never reached the same standard again, the second trial match revealing unexpected weaknesses in his play. Still, for Leicester against Blackheath the other day his fielding of the ball was superb, as were his beautifully judged kicks to touch. With the added experience he has now gained one would have thought they might give him another show. But they know best. They have never been wrong yet, have they?

It is always rather interesting on the Saturday immediately following a 'Varsity Match to see the ghosts of the 'Varsity sides taking the field against some club on their fixture list. It will still be within the recollection of some of the oldest inhabitants that this year's 'Varsity Match was contested on a Thursday. It is really rather more than human nature (and the rejoicings and commiserations of Thursday night) can expect to see a representative side from either 'Varsity turn out on the Saturday following the *débâcle* or debauch, or whatever you like to call it. Hence this time we saw Oxford having the temerity to oppose the finest club side in the four countries, to wit, the Glasgow "Accies," *minus* 9 of their 15 Blues. The game needs no description, except perhaps to say that the "Accies" must have eased off in the second half to have only beaten them by 11—0. True Scotch hospitality showing itself again!

Cambridge takes the field against Swansea without 7 of her Blues—and beats them by 1 point. But then you must know that the Light Blues, apart from being a fine side, with presumably a large reserve of excellent players, are also a very cunning one. The deeps of their cunning were only laid bare at Swansea when, in the fullness of time, it was discovered that they were playing 16 men! "And one went off the field." How awfully nice of him. But why doesn't Oxford do this—in the 'Varsity Match? It's a great stunt. The 8,000 spectators at Swansea were, as a man expressed it to me, "tickled to death." The only person who wasn't amused was the Cantab who had to retire, abashed. And may one ask where he was hiding? Were they packing the scrum with 9 instead of 8 and nobody in the other scrum noticed it? Or was he standing artlessly about in the three-quarter line—and nobody marking him? Or was he having a pow-wow with the other Cambridge full-back, and nobody looking that way? A brilliant idea. Will the English Selection Committee please note for January 16? We could do with an "odd man out."

The Old Alleynians are a keen lot this year, turning out no less than eleven Fifteens on one Saturday, 10 of which were battling with Dulwich College sides, while the First XV was beating Rugby. Of the 10 Old Boys' teams playing against the schools, 8 won their matches, in most cases by large margins. A good show; and an object-lesson to some other rugger-playing schools, whose old boys drift apart and are no more seen by the school, or anybody else.



"The Scientists"

DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT OF RESEARCH

Research is a restless art ever finding out the why and wherefore of things. It has made the dreams of yesterday the realities of to-day. The universal thirst for knowledge soon discovered why the world so persistently prefers the natural charm of . . . . . .

DEWAR'S

A MEET OF BEAGLES *Sport and General*

A photograph taken at a recent meet of the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles at Selsdon Park Hotel, near Croydon. The Master of this pack, which hunts over country in Surrey, is Mr. H. Graham King

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

"The Hon. George"

THERE has been a good deal of gossip lately in racing circles regarding the intending retirement of the Hon. George Lambton from his position at Stanley House. The trainer in question has arrived at that time of life when it is not surprising that he seeks a rest from the very responsible and onerous duties which he has filled over a long period of years. Mr. Lambton, however, has always been so enthusiastic and so energetic that it comes as a bit of a shock to learn that he is surrendering his licence as a trainer. Stanley House, which is one of the show places of Newmarket, will never seem quite the same without him. Racing people are asking each other to whom will fall the appointment of trainer at this establishment. It is satisfactory to know that Lord Derby has no intention of giving up his racehorses, but I do not suppose the necessity of appointing a successor to Mr. Lambton has yet engaged his attention. The Hon. George is to carry on until the end of next season, and afterwards he will continue to act as manager of the stable, so it is obvious that Stanley House will still be run on the same lines.

Long Spell as Trainer

A PRETTY long gap has been formed since Mr. Lambton first took up the training profession. Previously he had been a highly successful rider across country, and he rode a good many winners on the flat. He was a great admirer of that famous trainer, Matthew Dawson, and secured much advice from him which has proved to be invaluable. Matt trained at Heath House, Newmarket. He did things on a lavish scale, and the principle of "Look after the pennies and the pounds will look after themselves" found no favour with him. Mr. Lambton has written of Matthew Dawson that "in spite of his strong, fearless character, which would brook no interference from any man in what he thought the duties of his profession, he was the most courteous of men both to his employers and to those who worked for him. I never met," continued Mr. Lambton in his book of reminiscences, "anyone in any rank of life who had not the greatest respect for him, while those who knew him well loved him."

BY "THE TOUT"

MR. "PAT" DENNIS

Who is a son of that well-known sportsman Mr. Dyke Dennis. He is difficult to beat, as he proved when he steered "Ardvasar" to victory in the last National Hunt Steeplechase

Popular Turfite

EXACTLY the same might be written of the Hon. George Lambton, who enjoys the goodwill and effection of every section of the racing community. It is to be hoped that when he hands in his trainer's licence the Jockey Club will promptly elect him a member of the governing body of racing. No man is better calculated to do good and practical work for the legislation of the Turf. Practically the only big race which Mr. Lambton has failed to win is the Two Thousand Guineas. This is rather curious, seeing that he has saddled the winners of the One Thousand on no fewer than four occasions. He gained his first success in the Derby when Sansovino cantered away with the race, and it is by no means impossible for him to repeat that success in the coming season with Colorado.

Promising Two-year-old

I KNOW that Mr. Lambton entertained the highest opinion of this two-year-old when he gained his smart victory in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. It was one of the tragedies of the season for Stanley House when Colorado was so badly bitten by poisonous insects at the Royal meeting. It gave him such a bad go of blood poisoning that he was never really right again up to the time he ran in the sweepstakes at Hurst Park last month. There is no reason, however, why Colorado should not make excellent progress during the winter. I shall not be at all surprised to see him in his old form in the spring of next season.

The Derby

I DO not think the Derby of 1926 is going to take a great deal of winning. I am not altogether convinced that Coronach is the great champion which most of us believed him to be before his extraordinary lapse in the Middle Park Stakes. There are all sorts of rumours flying around to the detriment of Coronach, and if there should really be anything radically wrong with him, colts of the stamp of Colorado and Lex must come strongly into the reckoning so far as the classic races are concerned. Sport under National Hunt rules continues to be very much interfered with by the weather. Up to the present we have seen very few new 'chasers of promise. On the other hand, several young hurdle racers look like doing well over the sticks, notably Inverleigh and Rosemullion.

A PRIVATE PACK

Mr. Edward Curre, of Itton Court, Chepstow, with some of his private pack of foxhounds. The country hunted by Mr. Curre's pack lies in Monmouthshire

WITH THE WEXFORD

Mrs. Boyse, who is a keen follower of the Wexford, at a recent meet of the pack at Ballinaboola. She is the wife of Mr. H. T. Boyse, of Bannow House, Wexford

Photographs *Poole, Waterford*

WIFE OF THE MASTER

Mrs. Lakin, the wife of Capt. M. L. Lakin, Master of the Wexford Hounds. This photograph was taken at a meet of the pack at Ballinaboola

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Many Checks

THE second Saturday in December saw a general resumption of hunting after the frost. More packs were out than had been the case on any occasion previously this season. It was, indeed, the first day of the regular season for a number of packs, including the Atherstone. The Quorn were meeting for the first time in their Saturday country. Other hunts in the Midlands were looking forward hopefully to the early withdrawal of all foot-and-mouth disease regulations. Unfortunately, no sooner had hunting got into full swing than the frost came along to make it impossible to ride over a country, with the result that last week opened with a blank day with the majority of packs. The average hunting man, with an expensive stud of hunters eating their heads off, has to be very patient indeed in such seasons as that which we are passing through. The Prince of Wales is losing a good deal of sport to which he was so eagerly looking forward during his absence in South America. His Royal Highness apparently believes that a gallop with the draghounds is better than no gallop at all. Recently he seemed hugely to enjoy the riding he was able to get in the Whaddon Chase country with the Tring and District Draghounds. He gave a turn to four of his horses during the drag, no doubt with the object of keeping them in condition in readiness for a more favourable time for hounds. It is to be hoped that conditions will be more settled for regular hunting round about Christmas time, when the boys and girls home from school in the country love nothing better than a scamper on their ponies with the hounds.

Likely 'Chasers

THERE has been such little sport with hounds since the beginning of November that nobody can honestly say that he has seen any young hunters in the field who are likely to follow in the steps of Double Chance. You will remember that it was in the hunting-field that this horse first showed his aptitude for the jumping game. Double Chance had scarcely seen a fence of any sort when he had his first day of regular hunting with one of the packs round Malton. It so happened that the hounds found an old fox that day and ran him for about twenty-five minutes at top pace. Finally, they marked their fox to ground, and the only riders with them were Bert Thatcher, the huntsman, and Fred Archer, who was riding Double Chance. The latter had never put a foot wrong or offered to refuse. In due course, as you well know, he became one of the most accomplished jumpers in National Hunt sport. Hunting people, who formerly used to see him go to the front with the Middleton Hounds, were on him to a man when he won the Grand National.

Hunter Breeding

RIDERS to hounds should not overlook the fact that entries for the annual Hunters' Show at Islington will close on January 18. I sometimes think that the average hunting man does not give the Light Horse Breeding Society all the support which he should do. Splendid work over a long period of years has been done by this Association, and it would do better still if followers of hounds rallied wholeheartedly to its support. One of the services which the Society is rendering to hunter breeding is in connection with mares which are past their best days in the hunting field. No mare should be destroyed that is likely to produce a useful hunter. The Society appeals to riders to hounds for the presentation of mares which have done their bit in the hunting field. Before bringing these notes to a close I would like to refer to the issue of an admirable history of the Devon and Somerset country by Mr. W. Scarth Dixon, one of the best known writers on hunting subjects. The book, which is well illustrated, costs only 1s., and may be secured from the offices of the Hunts Association, 524, Caledonian Road, London, N.

YOGO HAMA'S FAREWELL

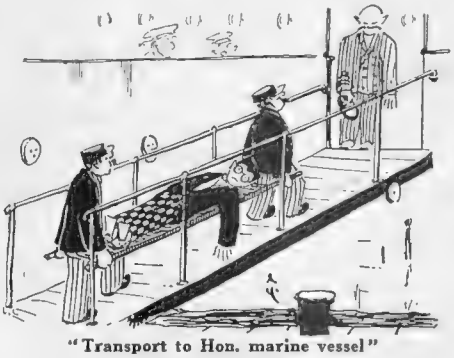
MOST DEAR HON. SIR,—

ALMOST I can scarcely suffice to adequately propel my pen because of the so enormous emotions and other convulsions which I suffer to endure. O, I bemoan, how shall I depict these embitterish words which must non-dubitably cause to weep for frightful despair 100's of 1,000's of Hon. Bystanders, to not say anything of economic persons who borrow it weekly for free gratis? O, how awful it are, I bewhimple, O how——

"Medicinally examined"

" Excuse me to say, Mr. Y. Hama, I think you must have taken leave of your dot, and imagine to suppose you are a Greecian Tragedy like as Hon. Sir Oedipux Rex who died from a conundrum. Kindly to regain your senses (if any) and produce your legitimate commentings as per invoice," you imbark, Hon. Sir?

Ha, ha, I chucker sardonishly, now I shall deposit the bean in the broth. This are the last time your iron feet of tyranny and oppression shall ever stamp upon my yoke. Little have you constrained to imagine the so awful catastrophic which now awaits to engulf you like as the poison dagger of Hon. Sir Damocles on a hair. O *lachrymæ* (Latin for weeps) how shall I suffice to unfurl these so fatal words from my pen which must cause to knash and wail their teeth innumerous numbers of Hon. persons (masc and femn) who have hithertoly lived for only my parallelless commentings? Come, let us imbark upon the plunge. Hon. Sir, Hon. Bystanders, *I are leaving you*!



"Transport to Hon. marine vessel"

" But—— Mr. Y. Hama, I— I— "

I are leaving you.

" O it cannot be, O say this are non-true, Mr. Y. Hama. I— Help! Police! Fire! Murder! "

Alasly, Hon. Sir, the dye are cast. *C'en est fait* (French). I have suffered to be recently medicinally examined by Hon. doctor of M.D. who inform that I necessitate to enjoy a rest and change of atmospherics because of my so great genius. " If not so," he say admonishly, " I warn that before not so long as a few years, you will reap to secure a so swollen brain that you will end by imbusting with a bang. That will be 5£5/-." Thusly, Hon. Sir, the time are now arrive—

" But, Mr. Y. Hama, this are more awful as a cataclysmic! When this so catastrophic and epochal disaster are imprinted, I cannot hesitate to doubt that innumerous Hon. Bystanders (masc and femn) will grow prostrate with griefs or perform *hara-kiris* for despair and rage. O this are awful woeish week, so that almost I wish I had been non-birthed. O for a qrt. of arsenic, pot-mains or other fatal beverages! "

"Submerged in scalding weeps"

O yes, I repop, that sounds all so well, but kindly to non-forget how numerous times you have enthreatened to bag me on the spot. Now the leg are on the other boot, you sing a tune of a different colour because of suffering to be hoisted on your own petard.

" Ah, ha, now I smell a mouse up your sleeve, Mr. Y. Hama! O yes, there are not so much green as cabbage in my eye. You are afraid Hon. Blanchette will breach you for promise because of non-nuptialling her as per Act of Parliament."

O! I ejacule, this are more bitter insultings as a serpent's tooth! How glad I are to become completely non-associate with a person who enjoys to spout so awfully truthless lies. Shame for fie, Hon. Sir, you cause me to crimsonly blush for your so wicked sins and other editorial perks. Now, indeedly, I have swallowed the last straw.

" Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to impardon my so forgiveless affrontings, but almost I are torn to twain with tears and other covetless assets, so that it are very non-surprising if I sound to talk through my hat. Alasly, how can I succeed to produce the adequate courage to break this so direish news you have disembottled on my head? In less as 5 minutes or more, Hon. composing persons will be submerged in scalding weeps so that almost they will be non-able to stick up their types on their sticks, but only ejacule moans."

"Perform hara-kiris"

That are non-dubitably so, Hon. Sir, but I shall propel you all some beautiful thoughts when I transport to Hon. marine vessel which are taking me to more brighter climatics where the sun performs shines for 24 hours per the diem. Ah, how sweetish and lush it shall be to enshade 1's-self under the hyslop, myrrh and other fragrant boughs, 1,000's of miles from Fleet Street and piousless editors

(*Continued on page 972*)

"Ask queries in the House"

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

HIS WIFE GAVE HIM
A 'WIFELY' TIE

UNCLE GEORGE SENT
HIM AN 'EMPTY' WALLET

AUNT MATILDA WORKED
HIM SOME SLIPPERS

GREAT AUNT BLANKSHAW
(AGE 99) GAVE HIM
A SMOKING CAP

SISTER SARAH FROM SPAIN
SENT HIM A SCARLET
WAISTCOAT

COUSIN FANNY CHOSE CIGARS
OF UNDOUBTED STRENGTH
BUT DOUBTFUL ORIGIN

AND SON JOHN SAVED HIS LIFE
WITH A CASE OF ——

Worthington

— the best beer for the "present" day

who live for only non-theological blessings.

"Pray to non-count your eggs before that are hatched, Mr. Y. Hama, because perhapsly I have an ace or other trumper up my shirt. Imagine to suppose Hon. member for Fleet Street should ask

"Vanish with the Spring"

queries in the House *re* concerning your French leaves, *i.e.*: 'Are it true that the honourable Yogo Hama are departing these shores, and if not, why? Are the House aware that this so brilliant and tarnishless *literati* has caused Hon. British Empire to be known all over the habituated globe by his scintillating talents?'"

I refuse to enunciate a response. But perhapsly you shall cause to have imprinted in words of gold the as follows poetical ode which Hon. cousin name of Matsu has succeeded to invoke at frightf l pains. (This are enormously copyright and may be purchase in 3 colours for 1£ per each.)

Alasly that Yogo should vanish with the Spring,
Hon. Bystander no more words of his shall bring,
His so sweet voice that in its pages sang,
Now are silent like an exploded bang.

"Mr. Y. Hama, I — I — (sniff, sniff) I—— I——"

Kindly to non-shed your weeps for me, Hon. Sir, but constrain to comfort my so sweet and luscious Blanchette who

"Beside me, making lureish eyes"

shall live to for ever be stamped on my heart like as Hon. Mary Queen of

"Waving me farewells"

Sekots. I shall impicture her in my imaginings waving me farewells with her nose-handkerchief and limpid with tears. And in not so long as many days I shall be decamping in the sun and surround by houries, hookahs, B and S's and other Arabian delicacies.

Here with a cocktail beneath the sun,
A lump of ice, a straw, a luscious femn,
Beside me, making lureish eyes,
And all the rest are not worth a dam.

And so, Hon. Sir, Hon. Bystanders, Hon. composing persons, Hon. Cashier (who always I have specially doted on), Hon. everybody, I wish you farewell, au revoir, a 1,000 kisses and good-byee.

Yogo Hama

LET DOGS DELIGHT

THE IDEAL MENU

By "THE KENNELMAN"

HERE'S good hunting and a Merry Christmas to all good dogs—there really are very few bad ones—and to every one of their human friends!

Says an unwisely-kind reader of these notes:—"Our dogs share very many of our bothers and troubles, and so should share our feasts also. I hope this won't be forgotten on the 25th. It is a poor Christmas dinner-table indeed from the plates and dishes of which there can't be gathered a banquet for the dogs, and they deserve every bit of it, from the turkey to the mince-pies, not forgetting a taste of the pudding."

With all deference, it's only the very bad ones who can possibly deserve "every bit of it," and, as has been said, there are very few bad ones. With the help of the doctors, man may be pretty well omnivorous; but dog is not. A feast on occasion by all means, and nobody can do it better justice; but, an't please you, good dog-lovers, *not* on turkey and mince-pies, or anything like 'em. Such "scraps" are no more good feasting for him than *caviare* and cocktails and *foie gras* would be for the human nursery; and the fact that he may tackle 'em with every sign of gusto won't spare him one of the inevitable after-pangs of remorse for what would really be your crime rather than his indiscretion. How, then, may one feast him? Well, as to quantity, that must, of course, depend on his size and weight; but for material try something like this:—Good lean steak cut into thin slivers and very lightly grilled or baked, with some similarly thin bits of liver. To this add some good floury broken biscuit of the "Cabin" sort, made really delectable by soaking for a few minutes in good gravy or broth. Perhaps a touch of finely minced cooked onion and carrot, the whole served with the chill just off it, as you might take your own claret—not actually warm—and in bulk, say one quarter more than ordinary. Then for dessert, a good big beef or mutton bone which, an hour or so beforehand, has spent some minutes in a hot oven to bring out its full savour.

Here you have an ideal Christmas feast for a dog, that will bring no melancholy *arrière pensée*. The ideal apéritif for the feaster is an empty tum and a good brisk scamper out of doors; the real right aftermath, an hour's nap; cold water the tipple; and not another speck of anything eatable for twelve hours.

Whether or not they ever lead or mould public opinion, there's no sort of doubt the most successful newspapers pretty closely reflect and feed it; they don't give their space to subjects having no general appeal. Hence, if only for this reason, there's interest and significance in the notable recent increase in daily newspaper space devoted to dogs and doggy subjects. From the point of view of the informed amateur of dogs, some of it may doubtless be sniffed at as pretty washy sort of chit-chat—more of the boudoir than the kennel—but there it is the mere space measurement proves recognition by expert judges of the rapid growth of general public interest; the steady rise of the vogue of the dog. And, among the chit-chat, too, it's pleasant to note an appreciable leavening of real stuff from the pens of men and women who know dogs, from long years of first-hand study, of breeding, showing, and sporting and general companionship.

Much discussion is toward just now regarding nervous disease among modern dogs. I must revert to this later. Meantime, correspondents are referred to an article on the subject in the November issue of *The Kennel Gazette*. January will bring a longish list of dog shows, and already preparations are advanced for Cruft's (Feb. 10-11), which they say is to beat even its own wonderful Agricultural Hall records.

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They are Westminster

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Cork-Tipped

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OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

20 for 1/-

TEN FOR SIXPENCE

In Boxes

50 for 2/5

AND

100 for 4/8

W.R.21.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

BUMBLE-PUPPY

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

BUMBLE-PUPPY is in some respects a more interesting game than Auction Bridge. It is more diversified. You never know what is going to happen.

Some serious-minded Bridge players do not like the game. But as most of us have to play it now and then, sometimes at our clubs, but more often in private houses or in the domestic circle, it is just as well to take it philosophically. It has its humours.

. . . . . .

I cannot give you the rules of the game. There are none. The Bumble-puppyist is one who persists in playing Bridge either in utter ignorance of all its known principles or in defiance of them, or both.

In the matter of bidding anything may happen.

"I didn't know what to call, partner, so I made it No-Trumps," said a player who disclosed a blank hand without a court card.

Another went to "four Hearts," holding six to the Jack and no tricks outside, and was quite indignant when his partner complained.

"But I had six Hearts," he bleated.

. . . . . .

When it comes to leading the B is magnificent. He plays as if his one desire in the world is to befog his partner. And he succeeds. Holding King, Queen, and others of a suit, he leads the Queen, and, in the language of Bridge, *denies* possession of the King.

"Did you not see my Queen draw the Ace?" he inquires acidly when you do not return the suit, "I was marked with the King." He forgets that the Declarer may "false card" as much as he likes, but the opposition in partnership against him must not.

And if you explain to him that his lead was wrong he pooh-poohs the idea.

"I have always led that way," he says, "and I have never found anyone misled by it."

As a rule the Bumble-puppyist thinks himself a very fine player and that everyone else is in error.

"You fellows are far too conventional," said one of this kind. "I play my own game."

And in truth, playing his own game with three fair players often yielded the most amazing results. If it confused his partner it also bewildered the adversaries, and he sometimes won tricks which he ought to have lost.

. . . . . .

There used to be an old whist adage, "When in doubt lead trumps." This is about the only maxim which the B. seems to observe. He appears to take a fiendish delight in leading trumps up to the strong hand and "killing" the possible cards which his partner holds.

But the Bumble-puppy players do not by any means always lose. I know one or two who are eagerly sought after as partners because they have the reputation of being fine card-holders. Their partners never allow them to play a hand if they can help it, and take them out of all their calls. They win, and they become confirmed in their Bumble-puppyism.

. . . . . .

A Birmingham correspondent asks me what is the *correct* bid as dealer at love score holding:—S—None. H—None. D—A, Q, J, 10, 8, 5. C—A, K, J, 10, 9, 7, 2.

He says that he called "Three Diamonds" on it, and was told that the bid was wrong.

In my opinion this was a poor bid. If Diamonds were bid at all, "one Diamond" only should have been called. But I consider the best bid (I will not use the term *correct* bid) on a hand of this nature was "five Clubs," although I would not say it was wrong to open with "one Club."

With Clubs as trumps this is a very probable game hand even with little or no support from partner. It is essential that the hand should be played in Clubs rather than in Diamonds, as the hand is going to be forced, and the player can stand being forced in Clubs but not in Diamonds.

By bidding "five Clubs" straightaway, Declarer may shut out opponents from showing strength in Spades or Hearts.

At the Dance

Parties and thirst go together, as all who give or attend Christmas and New Year Parties know.

Not one but many drinks are required during the evening, and the question "Which is the best drink, which is the most delicious?" is answered by serving

KIA-ORA
LEMON SQUASH OR ORANGE SQUASH

Most enjoyable to drink, most thirst quenching and refreshing, no beverage equals your guests' requirements as Kia-Ora does. The refreshing quality alone makes Kia-Ora most desirable. Being made from fresh fruit—orange juice or lemon juice and cane sugar—an extra glass is in no way harmful, in fact, is beneficial, fresh fruit juices making a very pleasant and wholesome beverage.

The cost is extremely moderate—a large bottle, costing 2s. 2d., will make 24-30 glasses of Lemonade or Orangeade, which is most conveniently served by mixing in bowls or jugs, the proportion being: add sufficient water to one large bottle of Kia-Ora to make at least one gallon.

A few slices of lemon or orange, etc., greatly add to the attractive appearance of the Squash in the bowl or jug.

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Continues for four weeks

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Reduced to 8½ gns.

A few only **FUR TRIMMED SUITS** of which sketch in black velour with coat trimmed sets of pin tucks and collar and cuffs of handsome fur and embroidery is an example. Well-cut skirt to match coat.
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Sale Price 8½ gns.

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Original Price 35 Gns.
Sale Price 15½ gns.

NIGHTGOWN made from good quality schappe silk. The becoming V. neck and sleeves are hemstitched and finished with coloured silk ribbon bow. In ivory, pink, mauve, orchid, primrose, and champagne.
Sale Price 29/6

50 MODEL COATS in fine quality black silk and woollen materials all different in design, many handsomely embroidered, of which sketch is an example.
Original Price 15½ to 25 Gns.
Sale Price 8½ gns.

NUTRIA COAT made from rich quality skins which combined with best workmanship have been perfectly matched.
Reduced to 69 gns

USEFUL BLOUSE COATEE in black marocain beautifully embroidered all over in sand colour, and finished bind of plain black. A few only.
Usual Price 69/6.
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Sale Price 18/9

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Sale Price 21/-

SPORTS TAM AND SCARF SET in artificial silk and wool mixture. Original Pattern and in various colourings.
Special Sale Price the Set 45/9

ALMOST BONELESS CORSET BELT with low top, in striped tricot, anglais elastic front buttoning each side. In pink.
Original Price 32/9
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Shorter length:
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Imitation Filet Brassière lined net, long shape to meet low corset.
Sizes 32 ins. - 44 ins.
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SMARTLY TAILORED SPRING COAT for boy or girl, made from fine Hopsack in light blue or biscuit, bound white silk braid.
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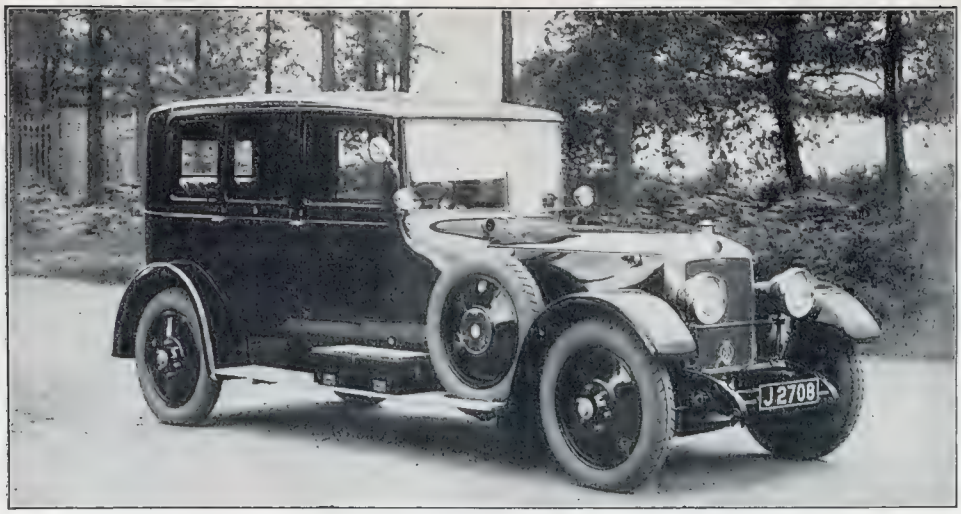
MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



READY FOR THE ROAD

A photograph of the new 40 h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester. It is a seven-seater limousine, enclosed drive model

DURING the forthcoming Christmas holidays the motor will be much used and little cared for. With the enormous increase in the number of cars on the road it is a safe prediction to say that more cars will be used this Christmas than ever before. So many people take this opportunity of having re-unions of families or friends, and travelling is essential. The rail and transport services are considerably curtailed, and as festivities often last until a late hour, a car is exceptionally useful for travelling to and fro. In the season of general good cheer the poor car is apt to be neglected, but it should be remembered, when making a lengthy call on friends, that there is a distinct possibility of the water freezing in the radiator if the weather is cold. If it does not already possess one, a radiator cosy is a good Christmas present for a car.

***

WHEN many motorists are sitting round their comfortable fires a thought might be given to the record number of competitors who are taking part in this year's London-Exeter run. The first competitor leaves Staines at 8.0 p.m. on Monday, December 28, and the last car will leave at goodness knows what time. First there is the long, long journey to Exeter, with a detour to Sidmouth, for the ascent of Peak Hill, which is usually climbed in the dark, or in the grey dawn, and, after a brief rest at Exeter, the return journey consists of a steeplechase over some of the worst hills in Devon and Dorset. Last year, it will be remembered, the rain descended and the floods came, and the conditions were so bad that one motor cyclist mistook the sea for a flooded road and nearly drowned himself. This year better conditions are hoped for.

***

CONSIDERABLE interest is being taken both by makers and users in the new cellulose finish for body-work. It possesses several great advantages—namely, it is not affected by the weather. Such a finish is particularly attractive to the owner-driver, as he can clean down his coach-work with a damp cloth without any danger of injuring the gloss. There are difficulties in the way of securing a thoroughly reliable finish which resembles ordinary varnish work as regards appearance, but several makers have successfully overcome all difficulties. For instance, the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., now supply their open or all-weather cars finished in a special cellulose finish. Large works have been laid down in order that the process may be carried out efficiently. The excellence of the finish may be judged from the fact that the Standard Company have been delivering these cars for some time past, and have said nothing about it, while no one has noticed the difference between the cellulose and the ordinary paint and varnish.

***

THE shortest day has passed, but it will be many months before the motorist will have a reasonable amount of daylight for his driving. Night driving is normally not particularly pleasant, and is, of course, inclined to be dangerous. Anything rendering night motoring safer is of interest, and I therefore welcome the suggestion of the busy Secretary of the Automobile Association, Mr. Stenson Cooke, that every user of a vehicle after dark should wear white gloves. The wearing of a white glove on the driving or signalling hand would be a graceful and kindly act. These gloves are washable, durable and cheap, and, as every motorist knows from the white hand of the policeman, they are very noticeable after dark.

***

MOST motorists, when considering the purchase of a new car, usually try to arrange it so that the car will be available when the motoring season opens in the early spring. From the owner's point of view this is a very satisfactory arrangement, but it is liable to have its drawbacks. If several thousand motorists all require the same make of car at approximately the same time the makers are unable to cope with the demand, and that nasty thing—the waiting list—comes into operation. The man who is unfortunate enough to be at the tail-end of the list, therefore, has to wait for delivery and does not get his car when he wants it. If the purchase is intended of one of the more popular makes of car, such as the Citroën, it would appear to be the wisest plan to place the order early and to accept delivery equally early. When the season opens there will thus be no waiting, and the motorist who has taken early delivery will have his car in fine form for use during the rest of the year.

***

WE most of us claim that the British-built motor car has the best appearance of any in the world. We pride ourselves on our coachwork and our beauty of line, and are inclined to be somewhat critical of the harsher lines of foreign cars. Our superiority however in this matter appears to be seriously challenged. German, French, Italian and American cars are getting handsomer and handsomer, and even our old friend the Ford has ceased to be a high-pitched, spidery vehicle, and in its latest form is quite European in appearance.

***

THE mention of the name Bugatti always conjures up visions of an exceptionally speedy car, which is constructed in some ways on comparatively unorthodox lines. If one is the owner of a Bugatti it is justifiably imagined that one has a *penchant* for speed. All present and prospective purchasers of these rapid little cars will be interested to know the Strasbourg factory will in future be represented direct in Great Britain. Extensive space has been taken in those enormous premises at the corner of the Brixton and Camberwell New Roads. These will serve as the sales headquarters and as a repair and service depot. The destinies of the Bugatti will be controlled by the capable hands of Lieut.-Colonel W. L. Sorel, D.S.O., who is the general manager of the English branch, which will also control sales throughout the British Empire.

AN AUSTIN "PUP"!

A photograph of Lord Curzon's 7 h.p. Austin coupé. These small cars are very popular because of their efficiency and economy

THE OPTIMIST

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A Top-Notcher!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

One of the silly mistakes one makes when it snows in Scotland

FEMINA

IN SEARCH OF FATHER

By Mrs. M. VINCE

I CANNOT help feeling that Wembley has had something to do with it. It is a pity. There should be room in the world for both the British Empire and Father Christmas. But the fact remains that I searched for a long time before I found him.

It always used to be Father Christmas. Whatever other attractions there might be in the toy-shops at this time Father Christmas was always there, the most conspicuous figure, the presiding magician, the giver of gifts. At one time he had his lucky-bag. Or if not that, he stood at the door to welcome us. Or at least he walked about to be looked at. One saw him in a good many different sizes. But that did not matter—he was always Father Christmas.

IN those days, of course, one simply walked into the place of delights. There could be no better way. A door opened. You went through. The door closed. You were in another world. Nothing could be more dramatic or magical than that. But now in every toy-shop at Christmas you go travelling. Last year, I remember, I visited Treasure Island. Father Christmas was not there. But Treasure Island is, after all, part of his dominions, and it is he who has brought the first news of it to many thousands. This year I have made several journeys. I have travelled by aeroplane. I have travelled by submarine. I have covered thousands of miles. But these journeys have all been in this world, and most of them to places in the British Empire.

ON one of these journeys I met Aunt Sophie. Many people, I think, will remember the Christmas of 1925 as the Christmas in which they met Aunt Sophie. I paid a shilling to meet her—a very small sum to pay not only to meet so remarkable a woman, but to share her adventures. We saw her first on board ship. When all was overcome by the storm, and even the Captain was rolling helpless on the deck, Aunt Sophie stood, magnificently undisturbed, surveying the sea through her binoculars. We went with her to the Canadian backwoods and the Egyptian tombs. We watched her in the Indian jungle shooting tigers as coolly as other people shot glass balls at Wembley. We saw her as she watched a native dance in Africa. It was there, I think, that I admired her most, as she chatted to the African Chief, so cool, so elegant, so self-possessed—the traditional Englishwoman, the woman who has made the British Empire what it is.

On behalf of Aunt Sophie I was presented with a pair of scales—a gift which seemed to me to symbolise her perfect balance.

I WENT by aeroplane to Baghdad and here in an eastern garden, to the sound of a splashing fountain round which enormous beetles crawled, a veiled beauty presented me with a game of Ludo. I had no idea that Ludo was played in Baghdad.

By submarine I went to the bottom of the sea (we were still, you observe, in the British Empire), and here, in the presence of sword fishes and an octopus and an anchor and wrecks and divers, I met Father Neptune himself, and *he* presented me (out of an old sea-chest) with a walking pig.

IT was after returning from the bottom of the sea that I went to the poles—to both poles at once, for I saw several Esquimaux, and one of the figures was pointed out to me as Sir Ernest Shackleton. There at last we had got beyond the British Empire, and there at last I found Father Christmas.

And *he* presented me with a box of knives, forks and plates. I cannot help feeling that Father Christmas still understands the business of giving presents better than Father Neptune or the beauties of Baghdad.

He was here, where of course you would expect him to be, inhabiting both poles at the same time. But what a change! In the old days he left the poles at Christmas to visit all the world in its homes. Now it is we who go travelling, and we must travel as far as the poles if we are to find him. Yet this Christmas travelling must make the children feel that the world is a very pleasant place. For wherever they go in it, by land or sea or air, they find a present waiting for them at the end.

THE travelling was very realistic. As that aeroplane rocked and the wind whistled round it, and through the glass floor of the cabin we watched the moving clouds below us, a little girl was so overcome that she had to be disembarked in mid-air and finish the journey to Baghdad on foot. Since the travelling was so realistic I wish that the realism had been kept up to the very end. As I stepped straight out of Baghdad and found myself in a department called "Juveniles," I should really have felt that it had been a magical journey if, instead of that game of Ludo, I had found my hand clasping a Baghdad toy.

Dorothy Wilding

MISS ITALIA CONTI

The famous coach who has trained so many children for the stage. She is again presenting "Where the Rainbow Ends" for a series of matinées at the Holborn Empire. The first performance will take place on Boxing Day

Foulsham and Banfield

MISS LAURIE DEVINE

As the Gazelle Girl in the ballet "Pompeii à la Massine." This is one of the most successful numbers in "Still Dancing" at the London Pavilion

THERE may be a purpose in this—a Wembley purpose. The child who every Christmas travels half round the world, and comes back from each journey with an English toy, is no doubt being gently prepared to expect as a matter of course, when he travels as a man, to find English goods wherever he goes. But if there are English toys wherever you go in the world, at Christmas, why should there not always be Father Christmas there, waiting to present them—in Baghdad and at the bottom of the sea, as well as at the poles? I cannot believe that the Wembley spirit can go so far as to expel Father Christmas because, once upon a time long ago, he was not English.

IF the British Empire gets rid of him it will be a poorer place; and if it does, then I hope the League of Nations will take him up; for where is there a greater international character?

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THE
BYSTANDER
116-117, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

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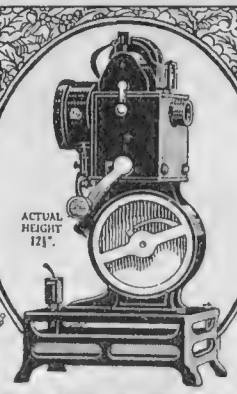

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P 3

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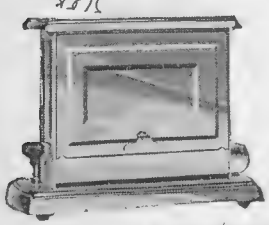

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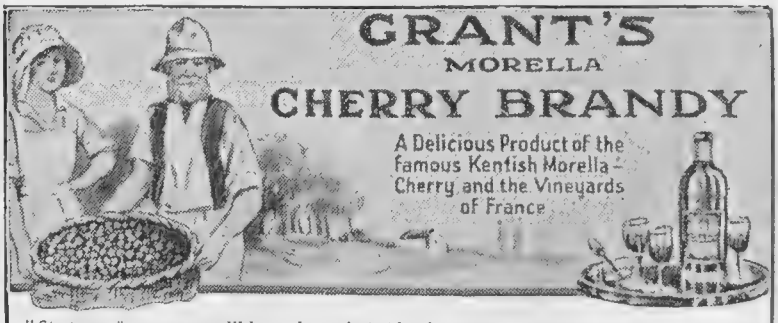

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Fashion's Fancies

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Sports Pastimes on the Sunny South

THE increasing prevalence of sports such as tennis and golf on the Côte d'Azur has served to place a further onus on the well-turned-out woman. Quite as much attention is accorded these days to the smart practical tennis dress and those gay little coats, and similarly distinctive golf outfits, as to clothes for the promenade and casino.

For tennis there are skirts fancifully *plissé* of *crêpe de Chine* accompanied by jumpers of jersey, hand-knitted or crochet silk. Dresses that are invariably carried out in one tone. Report, however, has it that more colours, together with ivory, cream and beige, will be worn, than white. Even the washing tennis frock, which some prefer to the jumper suit, is of ivory champagne-coloured *crêpe* instead of the conventional white.

Then there is also the promenade *toilette* to be thought of, usually donned in the morning and hastily changed after *déjeuner* for sports garb. These are mostly of the two-piece order, simple rather than extravagant. The original example depicted is typical.

Both frock and long coat are built of heavy-weight *crêpe de Chine* in a deep clotted cream shade, the coat lined purple *crêpe de Chine* to match the bow at the neck and the coarse glazed straw hat.

With these advance Riviera hat models to guide her, the woman who likes to think out her spring outfit in good time should have small difficulty in deciding as to her headgear. And straws, both coarse and fine, are clearly out for a place in the sun and the breaking down of the ubiquitous felts.

The Godet Creeps Lower

Is this a prelude, one is asking, to the disappearance altogether of this useful inserted flare? In the opinion of some, it is. They are weary of it and also account it too simple of achievement. What everyone can make and wear, nobody wants.

As the position stands at present the feeling is to cut the flare in and not insert it. A clever model seen on these lines effected on silver *lamé* interwoven with delicate pastel colours being arranged with innumerable seams, fitted closely to the figure to below the hips, where they gradually widened outwards to measure quite an appreciable number of inches at the hem. It was a frock replete with skill and subtlety.

The inserted *godet,* however, is nearly always obvious. Then there is the revival of draperies to attract attention and close consideration. These, again, are subtle. At times so slight and unobtrusive, only a close inspection is capable of realising their presence. While at present it seems immaterial whether these draperies are at one or both sides or concentrated in front, in any case they are not permitted to interfere with the slim upper part; and are frequently brought into evidence, especially when at one side only, by a large safety-pin brooch in silver, gold, or brightly polished steel, others more ambitious being set with precious stones.

One of the most covetable possessions a woman can have at the moment is some quaint brooch device that can be worn in the hat, corsage or on the hip. And it is to be observed the leading jewellers are laying themselves out with much avidity to supply the demand.

Continued Craze for Dyed Furs

As real old lace is almost a drug on the market at present, having been superseded by the dyed and metal varieties, so are genuine furs, though perhaps in a less degree, giving place to dyed peltry. Sacrilege though it seems, even good furs like mink are submitted to the dye pot, henna mink lending an air of magnificence to the original Casino *toilette* illustrated

Supremely simple in line, this gown rests for its success on gorgeous colouring; it is composed of a coppery gold *lamé,* embroidered in Rhinestones and cabochon pearls, the graceful back draperies hemmed with the above-named fur.

A CASINO GOWN

A striking gown of coppery gold *lamé* executed in simple lines. It is embroidered in Rhinestones and cabochon pearls, the back draperies being hemmed with henna mink

FOR THE RIVIERA

An attractive two-piece morning costume of heavy-weight crêpe de Chine in a deep clotted cream shade. The coat is lined with purple crepe de Chine to match the bow at the neck and the coarse, glazed straw hat.

Original designs by Betty Nisbet

As to the humble little rabbit, a much more suitable medium for the dyeing fetish, that is metamorphosed out of all recognition. Shorn close it becomes lizard or leopard, left long it may be anything from wolf to fox. Save only that none of these animals ever grew peroxide green or blue hairs.

A leopard cannot change its spots, but the manufacturer of materials are able to copy them so closely it is difficult to tell fabric from fur. Again, instead of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, the latter are shorn close to the skin, to meet the temper and taste of fashionable woman. So the weird story goes on to make fresh dress history.

A Pinnacle of Postiche Work

NOT by any means are all heads that appear shingled so in actual fact, though only the unshingled one is, or need be, aware of this illusion or delusion. At this date, women who have not been shorn are growing daily more nervous and tentative as to whether it is wise to lose their locks; since, notwithstanding the steady popularity of the vogue, not the most far-seeing and knowledgeable of hairdressers can vouch for the length of its tenure.

Though nothing, perhaps, is more significant than the number of shingled

transformations being sold. A specimen of *postiche* work that has touched a pinnacle of perfection. Anyway this is the experience of M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, whose skill is responsible for the most perfect shingle transformations it is possible to find.

In addition to being always made of naturally wavy hair of the highest quality obtainable, each hair is worked separately into the fine lace net foundation. So that it can be parted in the centre or at the sides; hence the title *La Naturelle*. M. Georges is fitting these transformations so accurately to every head with or without hair that detection is absolutely impossible under the closest scrutiny. While the more the hair is brushed and combed the more lustrous and beautiful it becomes; and the nodules are always there.

An Unique Opportunity

Is there, one wonders, a woman in the land who needs to be told that to be dressed by the Maison Ross, Grafton Street, synchronises with all that is of the very best and most exclusive? And to enable those who have to look closely to their expenditure to participate in the efforts of this great *couturière* establishment, the powers that be have arranged a special pre-Christmas show and sale of inexpensive gowns. These are not, it will be understood, dashed or soiled models, but perfectly fresh ones, and absolutely exclusive. Needless to say, they all bear the hall-mark of that inimitable fine taste and beautiful finish always associated with the name of Ross.

Almost it seems incredible, but actually there are simple smart little day frocks going from 4 guineas, and crowds of the loveliest evening gowns, a model, for example, of gold lace embroidered with lines of pastel-coloured beads in tones of mauve, blue and pink is only £7, another even more marvellous at £8 being entirely composed of opal sequin embroidery arranged to form a graceful shell design, a distinctively original feature in which is the three-flounced skirt cut in battlements.

ARTISTRY IN COIFFURE

A striking example of the famous "La Naturelle" postiche for wavy hair. It is the work of M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1

An Exhibition of Jewellery

A happy hunting ground for a gift to the Very Important Person will be found at 2, New Bond Street, where Messrs. Lacloche Frères, the well-known jewellers, are holding an exhibition of a selection of the jewellery which was awarded "Grand Prix" at the Exposition des Arts Decoratifs at Paris. This unique collection contains some most beautiful pieces of jewellery and will well repay the visit of inspection which Lacloche Frères cordially invite.

The "Irish" Question

Irish whisky as a whole is remarkably level in character, distinction being due rather to individual variations than to difference of class. However, a whisky which appeals especially to those who like a full-bodied "Irish" is "Paddy Flaherty," which is prepared by the Cork Distilleries Company, Ltd. This whisky is backed by a £1,000 guarantee that every drop is ten years old and pure pot-stilled, and has a flavour which cannot be beaten.

A Record of Photography

With the end of the year comes the thirty-first issue of "Photograms of the Year" (Iliffe and Sons, Ltd., 5s. net in stout paper or 7s. 6d. net cloth boards). This beautifully produced volume contains a record of the most

(*Continued on page x*).

MONTE CARLO—The Mecca of the Mute Art.

APART from the two wonderfully artistic Film-Pictures "MONTE CARLO" and "DESTINY" which Mr. René Blum, the ultra-Parisian Director for the Comedy Season, contrived to offer to large and enthusiastic audiences at the Casino Theatre, the Authorities in charge have managed to arrange a particularly attractive Cinematographic programme for 1925–1926. Cinema Halls are as plentiful as they are varied in the Principality. There is no doubt, however, that the luxurious, up-to-date one at the PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS heads them all and, closely following in public favour, the small but cosy one near the Monte Carlo Post Office, generally known as "CINEMA DE LA POSTE." Both are under the ablest management, and in each one the finest and latest pictures are shown. Money is lavishly spent so as to procure every possible attraction to those who patronise these places, for, apart from the well selected and wonderful films shown, exquisite music can be enjoyed; thus are we entitled to say with the French, *Le plaisir des yeux est doublé de celui des oreilles.*

Seats can be booked in both places at very moderate charges either for the matinées, which are held every afternoon at 3.30 at Palais des Beaux Arts and at 3 o'clock at "La Poste," or for the soirées at 9 p.m. in both places.

An "aperçu" of the artistic programme for this Winter's Season at the BEAUX ARTS can be gathered from the titles of the Super-films which will be shown there—

MADAME SANS-GÊNE, THE RUSH TO GOLD, All Charlie Chaplin's best films, DESTINY, PETER PAN, PÊCHEURS D'ISLANDE, "The Fishermen of Iceland," THE EAGLE OF THE SEAS, RINTINTIN, the Wolfhound, DOCTOR JACK, VISAGES D'ENFANTS, "Childish Faces," NIGHT WATCH, A WOMAN DARED, THE LOST WORLD, THE TRAGEDY OF THE HAPSBURGS, COUNT KOSTIA, THE SEAMAN'S CRUISE, All Jackie Coogan's best productions, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE WOMAN OF FORTY, THE WILD RUSH, THE GENTLEMAN BRIGAND, DANTE'S INFERNO, A QUEEN'S LOVE, LA JOUEUSE D'ORGUE, "The Girl Organ-Player," THIBET, with a lecture by Victor Marcel, MICHEL STROGOFF, DON Q., SON OF ZORRO, LES MISÉRABLES, THE HUNCHBACK, MILORD L'ARSOUILLE, BEAU BRUMMEL, LATE MATHIAS, MONTE CARLO, FANFAN LA TULIPE, LA COURSE AU FLAMBEAU, "Torchlight Race," LITTLE ANNIE, THE NAVIGATOR, etc., etc. English visitors are looking forward to the Russian Ballet Season which will be presented by Serge de Diaghileff and last, but not least, to the Grand Opera Season, Director Raoul Gunsbourg. Full programmes of these attractions will be given very shortly.

Music lovers are well-cared for: there are the Classical Concerts under the bâton of Mr. Léon Jéhin which take place every Wednesday at 2.45 p.m. The Modern Concerts every Friday at 2.45 p.m., and which are conducted by the same excellent musician. Seats for these can be booked at the Theatre booking office, in the Casino Atrium, for the very moderate charge of 10 francs a seat.

On Saturdays Mr. Marc-César Scotto gives his charming Symphony Concerts at 2.45 p.m. Seats for these are only 5 francs each.

In January the Casino's Music Room re-opens for the benefit of members of the Sporting Club, who are admitted gratuitously to eclectical Recitals and refined Chamber Music.

Only renowned and famous artistes take part in these delightfully artistic musical manifestations.

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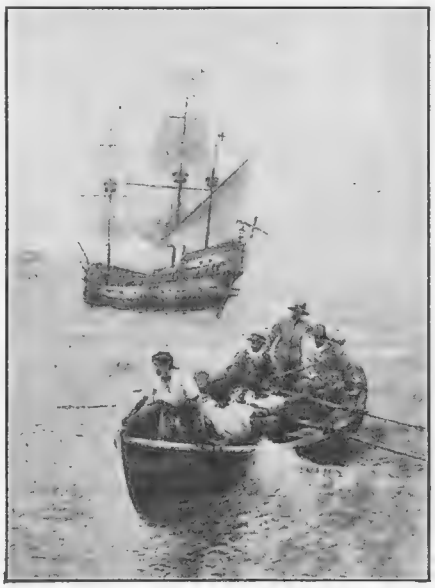
notable photographic work of 1925, and is a book to keep by one and dip into time and again. The chief feature, of course, is the collection of beautiful reproductions, each a masterpiece in its way, but there is also much interesting reading matter, including a criticism of the reproductions and records of things photographic in practically every part of the world.



A ROYAL CHRISTMAS CARD

The Prince of Wales's Christmas Card, reminiscent of his own voyages, which has been prepared by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co.

Bird's in Hand

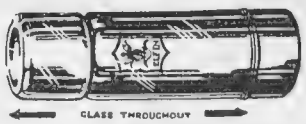
To keep Bird's in hand, especially at the Christmas season, is a very good plan to make when you are dealing with the question of the provisions cupboard. The pudding, for instance, will taste all the better if served with Bird's custard, which also makes a splendid accompaniment to mince-pies if well whisked to a thick cream. This is the season, too, of parties, when numbers of healthy young appetites have to be catered for. Bird's Jelly Crystals or Tablet Jellies, Blanc-Mange, of "Spongie," from which Sponge Cakes, Swiss Rolls, and other dainties can be made, will take a load off the minds of the grown-ups—and have no ill-effects on delicate young tummies.

Avoiding Pains

Christmas is a very jolly season, but has a nasty knack of leaving a legacy of jangled nerves, headaches, neuralgia, and other nerve pains. And that is apt to take the gilt off the gingerbread with a vengeance. Of course, this may seem inevitable to a certain extent when one considers the irregularity in habits, late hours, and indulgence in Christmas fare, but a small precaution can banish all these Christmas ills. Two or three tablets of Genasprin, taken in a little water, will quickly banish nerve pains. They are sold by all chemists at 2s. a bottle of thirty-five tablets.

An Aid to Hearing

At this time of the year most of us are happily doing our shopping or going to the theatres or listening-in. But what of those unfortunate people to whom are denied the pleasures derived from hearing? They would most certainly appreciate a Christmas gift from you if it took the form of an "Ardente-Acoustique," a perfect little aid which is prescribed by leading aurists and doctors. And with one of these little things, which, by the way, are wonderfully inconspicuous, your deaf friend can share in the general fun, not only at Christmas, but all the year round. Mr. R. H. Dent (the originator), 95, Wigmore Street, W.1, will give a free personal demonstration.



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"A Bun and a Glass of Milk!"

It is one of the many kinds of stop-gaps between breakfast and lunch. And in the excitement and flurry of Christmas shopping a fine antidote to strain and fatigue is found in a glass of milk. But let it be Horlick's Malted Milk, which is such an excellent nerve and body food. And when you rise refreshed it wouldn't be at all a bad idea to pop across the road and get yourself a bottle of Harlick's Malted Milk Tablets. They are excellent to take and help to promote healthy sleep.

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For nearly sixty years Dr. Barnardo's Homes have given a home to Fatherless, Motherless and Destitute Children, whose lives had hitherto known only hardship and privation. In that period 100,000 children have uttered the plea, "May we come in?" and to every one of those 100,000 the answer has been, "Of course; it is for such as you the Homes exist and work."

Will you help the Homes to carry on their work among the Children by sending A CHRISTMAS GIFT? 10/- will feed one child for ten days. 7,300 are always under their care.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, and parcels of Toys Clothing and Blankets may be addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

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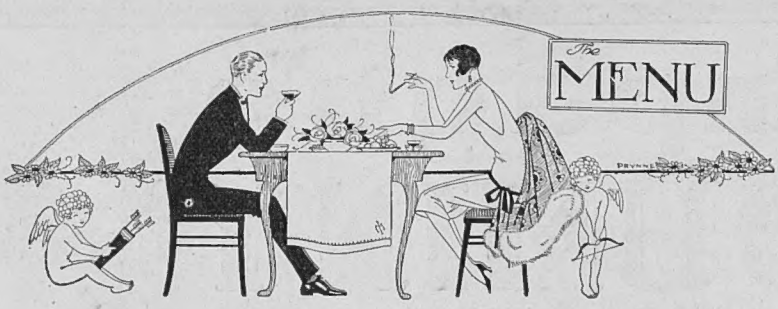

THE SERVING OF OYSTERS

Oyster Soufflé

TAKE two dozen Blue Point oysters, mince them, and rub them through a wire sieve. Blanch and beard a dozen large oysters, and cut each one into four pieces. Put 2 oz. of flour and 1 oz. of butter into a stewpan and mix them well together over the fire, then add a quarter of a pint of oyster liquor and stir all together till it thickens and the flour is well cooked. Put this sauce and the pounded oysters into a mortar and pound them well together, adding two yolks of eggs, one at a time, salt, cayenne, and a quarter of a pint of cream. When these are all thoroughly mixed beat three whites of eggs to a stiff froth and stir them into the mixture very lightly, then put in the oysters. Butter the mould, pour in the mixture, cover it with buttered paper, and steam it for half an hour.

Angels on Horseback (An Entrée)

Let twenty-four oysters boil in their own liquor, then drain them and reserve a half pint of the liquor. Chop the oysters very fine, mix with this liquor, and just bring to the boil. Then add three mushrooms and a small cupful of the white meat of a chicken, both chopped fine, and mixed with half a cupful of cream. Melt a tablespoonful of butter, and mix with it two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir into the stock, which should be boiling. Add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little onion juice, salt and pepper, and then the yolks of two eggs. When all is well mixed set it aside to get cold. Then make into little rolls, about two inches by one inch, cut slices of bacon as thin as possible—about half a pound will be wanted—wrap each roll of the mixture in the bacon, dip into a light batter, and fry in boiling fat. Serve immediately.

Manhattan Oysters

Twenty-four oysters will be required for this dish. Melt a tablespoonful and a half of butter, add half a teaspoonful of paprika and the same quantity of salt, also one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and a very few drops of onion juice. Pour a portion over each oyster, cover with a slice of bacon, and bake in a hot oven for ten or twelve minutes, till the bacon is quite crisp.

Scalloped Oysters

Open and beard a dozen oysters, and scald them for a second in their own liquor. Make a white sauce, into which some oyster liquor is poured, a grain of cayenne, a saltspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a squeeze of lemon. Boil this till it is thick. Put the oysters in the scallop shells, pour the white sauce over them, and strew breadcrumbs on the top with pieces of butter over. Brown them nicely, and send to table very hot.

Oysters à la Maître d'Hôtel

Wash and drain two dozen oysters. Put them in a chafing-dish with one tablespoonful of butter, stir carefully, and when the edges of the oysters begin to curl add the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and a little salt and pepper. Serve on slices of hot buttered toast. Suitable for a supper dish.

Oyster Cocktail

A teaspoonful of vinegar, a few drops of lemon juice, a drop or two of Tabasco sauce, and rather more of tomato ketchup to six oysters with their liquor, and seasoned with salt and pepper; this should be served in a champagne glass for each person, with a fork in the glass, but the above should be mixed first in a large tumbler.

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